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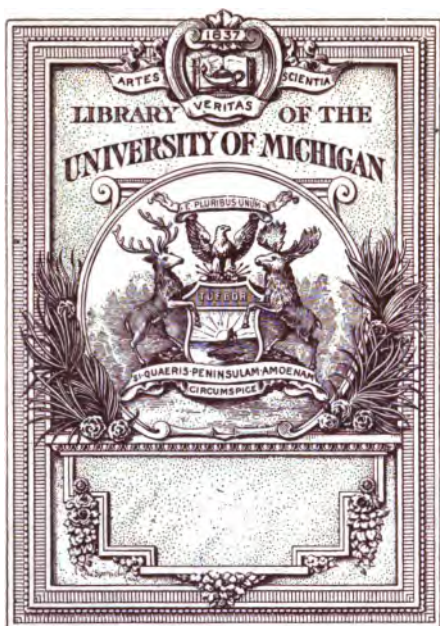
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**FLORENCE MACARTHY:**

**An Irish Tale.**

**IN THREE VOLUMES.**

**VOL. II.**

11534



*William Sims*

# FLORENCE MACARTHY:

75747  
An Irish Tale.

BY

LADY MORGAN,

AUTHOR OF "FRANCE," "O'DONNELL," &c.

---

Know thus far forth :

By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,  
Now, my dear lady, hath mine enemies  
Brought to this shore : and by my prescience,  
I find my zenith doth depend upon  
A most auspicious star, whose influence,  
If now I court not but omit, my fortunes  
Will ever after droop.

SHAKESPEARE.

---

Les femmes ne sont pas trop d'humeur à pardonner de  
certaines injures, et quand elles se promettent le plaisir de la  
vengeance elles n'y vont pas de *main-morte*.

DE GRAMMONT.

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IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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1818.

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**B. CLARKE, Printer, Well Street, London.**

# FLORENCE MACARTHY:

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## CHAPTER I.

Having both the keys  
Of officer and office, set all hearts i'the state.  
To what tune pleased his ear.

TEMPEST.

Rampant et mediocre, et l'on parvent à tout:  
BEAUMARCHAIS.

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THE Commodore had insisted on O'Leary's riding back his horse, and left the arrangement of his future residence at the friary entirely to his direction. He then ascended alone the steep hill, which, bleak, bare, and fringed only by a few scanty and ill-thriven plantations, led to the new-raised mansion of Mount Crawley. The house was a large square, lantern-like build.

ing, all wyat windows and green verandas, unsheltered and unadorned, save by a cumbrous Grecian portico, an evident afterthought of the architect, who seemed to have consulted rather the genius of the owner than the place; for all was expense without taste, and shew without comfort.

It was a levee day with Mr. Crawley, who, from an open window of his office, usually transacted, at the same time, the opposite and multifarious business of agent, magistrate, county treasurer, land jobber, road maker, landlord, and attorney-at-law, captain of the Dunore volunteers, and commandant of the New-Town Mount Crawley supplementary-auxiliary volunteer legion, which he had just raised, and clothed at the expense of the—*county*.

At this window, the object of many an anxious eye, which had watched its opening from the day's earliest dawn, now stood Mr. Crawley, en robe de

chambre et bonnet de nuit; his shaving box in one hand, and his shaving brush in the other, which was applied to his already half-lathered face. A clerk was seated writing at a table by his side, disputing and wrangling with the crowd of suitors who occupied the gravel-walk in front of the window. On one side stood a host of applicants, endeavouring to obtain his attention, to whom time was as valueless as it usually is to their class in Ireland, and who had come from all parts to solicit law, redress, protection, interference, work, alleviation, or a long day, for rent they were wholly unable to pay: on the other side, and close to the window, with hard features, and looks full of petty importance, were to be seen jobbers, drivers, land bailiffs, constables and overseers, surrounded by petitioning, whining, wretched cotters, spalpeans, road makers, and labourers. In this group also stood two resolute, determined-looking men,

manacled, and in custody. They had been taken up on the preceding night as *Padreen Gar's boys*; a real or supposed association, less formidable to government, than to Mr. Crawley's peace of mind; and serving him as the ground-work of many well-got-up plots, as the preamble of many proposed bills, suggested by him to the Irish government, for multiplying dependants, increasing influence, and depressing, galling, harassing, and insulting, the beggared and catholic peasantry: most facetiously termed acts for preserving the public peace, or more properly (because susceptible of an equivocal application) *insurrection acts*.

These men were now waiting to go through the form of an examination previous to their committal to the county jail, where, guilty or innocent, they were perhaps destined to wear out their lives in misery, vice, and incarceration, under a form of law, known only in

Ireland, called a Rule of Bail. Under the portico, with a table and some refreshments set before them, sat a few of the more substantial tenants of the Dunore estate, who had just paid in their rents. In the 'front of the house were drawn up the mount Crawley legion, regaling the ears of this catholic multitude with the (alternately performed) tunes of "the protestant boys," and "croppies lie down:" the only tunes their military band, a fifer and drummer, had yet learned. A crowd of idle people stood a short distance outside a little gate, which opened on the lawn; and among these, the candidate tenant for Court Fitzadelm had placed himself out of the view of the *great man* of this characteristic Irish scene.

Meantime, Jemmy Bryan, ci-devant driver,\* but now termed the right-

---

\*See note (1) at the end of the volume.

hand man of Mr. Crawley, was endeavouring to establish order among some persons, who, from curiosity, were led to examine the new scarlet frize jackets and worsted plumage of the legion more closely than was deemed respectful to the sacredness of their military calling. He was laying about his staff of office pretty actively, with "Quit, quit, I say. Will yez let his honor get a sight of his own legion, and he going to man-yeuvre them?"

Mr. Crawley now placed himself en evidence at his window, brandishing, not his sword, but his razor; and holding his nose obliquely with his left hand, he exclaimed authoritatively—"Jemmy Brian, make an era for the legion to go through their involutions in. Rare rank, take close order: mighty well. Where are your regimental gaiters, Corporal Costello? Oh, now while I think of it, Sargeant Kelly, apropos to my corderoya, if you don't finish them the



night, I'll send to Dublin for a pair; and that's the way you sarve me for encouraging the manufactory of the country, Mr. Kelly."

"Plaze your honor, in regard of the New-Town Mount Crawley legion," said Sarjeant Kelly (a tailor by trade), stepping up with a military salute to the window, and in apologetic look, indicating that his new vocation had "raised his soul above buttons."

"Well, Mr. Sargeant Kelly, you must sarve the government first; but that's no raison nor rhyme either that I'm to want my small-clothes; and now fuggle me those hares through all them system of tictacs I sent you down from Lord Rosbrin in a castle frank last week, his own tictacs for the Kil-Rosbrin corps from the secatary's office."

"I shaul, your honor; that's eyes right and eyes left, Sir; and is elegant marchers at a quick step, plaze your honor, captain."

“ Well then, Sarjeant Kelly, march me them through a little circuitous cut to Paddy Scanlan’s potatoe ridge ; but have a care of my meadow : do you mind, Sarjeant Kelly ? ”

“ I shaul, Sir. Quick march,” cried the sergeant, while the protestant boys struck up, and the legion went shambling off in a contrary direction to that intended by Mr. Crawley, who, with that half of his face which was not covered with soap-suds, purple with rage, called after them :

“ Come back here, you scampering sons of guns ! Halt, I say, don’t you see my invisible fence there before your eyes, you buzzards, and goes headforemost rollicking over it ? Halt, I say.”

Halt was now repeated by an hundred voices to the inattentive ears of the Mount Crawley heroes, who, stunned by the noise of the drum and fife, and delighted with their exhibition before their less consequential countrymen,

were deaf to the orders of their captain-commandant, and went, as he termed it, "rollicking on," till overtaken by Jemmy Bryan, who brought them back in confusion, while Mr. Crawley vociferated :

" Is it to Jericho ye are marching, ye shambling thieves, flopping over my hay ?"

" No, plaze your honor," replied sergeant Kelly, " only to Ballydab, captain, to be ready against the '*ruction* at the fair, Sir, to keep the king's pace, according to your honor's orders and the young sheriff's, Sir."

" And did I bid ye go without your new colours, worked for you on elegant orange silk by Miss Crawley, Sergeant Kelly ?"

" You did nat, plaze your honor."

" Then draw up in a square hollow, according to Lord Rosbrin's tictacs, under the virindow of her room, and she'll hand them out to yez. Order a

trevailly to be bated to give her notice."

The sergeant drew up his men, the reveillée was beat, the window opened, and Miss Crawley, the maiden sister of the captain commandant, appeared with a little flag at the viranda, which she lowered to Sergeant Kelly, observing, as she resigned it:

"In presenting to brave men the standard that is to lead them to victory or death——"

"Och, murther!" interrupted Mr. Crawley, stretching out of his own window, and looking up at his sister's with a look of humorous surprise.

"In presenting to brave men," continued Miss Crawley, "the standard which is to lead them to victory or to death, I feel myself placed in a situation out of my sphere, and inimical to my feelings, which are those of peace and good-will to all men. But Judith did not disdain an act of courage in her

country's cause; nor should I have shrunk from a Judith's part had that Holofernes visited this devoted land, that great leviathan, who has threatened to swallow us all up."

The intimidated legion expressed by their looks how little they would have relished being swallowed up, while Mr. Crawley, between jest and earnest, and much amused by the unexpected eloquence of his sister, exclaimed:

"There! there's a haro in petticoats for you."

"Go," continued Miss Crawley, emphatically, "and may heaven crown your arms with meekly-borne success!"

The "go" of the redoubtable Miss Crawley, the deputy lady of the manor, as her brother was the deputy lord, was as commanding to the Mount Crawley Legion as the "march" of their sergeant, who now led them forth to Ballydab, full of their own superior influence, and the ascendancy appertaining both to their

political and military relations ; and animated also by a little whiskey, ordered by Mr. Crawley to *steep* their colours in, they proceeded to oppose prejudice and ignorance, armed with power, to prejudice and ignorance in subjection ; and, most probably (as is the usual case upon such occasions in Ireland,) to breed and foment the disturbance they were sent to anticipate or to quell, by tunes, colours, and speeches, long devoted to popular execration.

Mr. Crawley dismissed himself and his legion together ; his clerk took his place at the window, and he retired to finish the duties of the toilette, which his military avocations had interrupted. Not so Miss Crawley : she indeed had retired, but retired only to return to her viranda with a green watering-pot and a sort of shepherdess's hat, added to the quaker-like simplicity of her dress. Her quick eye had lighted upon the Commodore, who stood mingled but not

confounded with the plebeian crowd; and she now returned, under the plea of watering her geraniums, to follow up her reconnoitre, with a tactical skill, better understood and practised than Lord Rosbrin's system by the New-Town Mount Crawley legion. Meantime, the Commodore, unconsciously "biding the keen encounter of the eye," walked towards the portico, and demanded of a servant, who stood lounging at the door, if Mr. Crawley was at home. The servant said he would "try;" and, after the delay of a few minutes, returned, not with a direct answer to the inquiry, but with, "If you please to step in for a minute, I'll try if my master's at home, Sir. What name, Sir, shall I say?"

"My name is of no consequence: merely say a gentleman, a stranger, requests the pleasure of seeing Mr. Crawley."

"I shall Sir. Walk this way if you please, Sir."

The unknown visitor followed the liveried cicerone through two spacious and splendidly furnished rooms, where the windows, closely blinded, and the hearth closely skreened, accounted for the chill and fusty atmosphere which pervaded them, and spoke the truth, that fresh air and good fires were rarely admitted into rooms kept exclusively for shew, and occupied but three or four times in the year for purposes of display. Two slovenly housemaids were uncovering the furniture of the drawing room; the butler was occupied in laying out a gorgeous sideboard of plate in the dining parlor; and the arrangements every where spoke preparations for a formal country dinner party, the epitome of all tedium, ennui, and competition.

In that official class of life in Ireland to which Mr. Crawley belonged, the acquisition of fortune, unpurchased by honest, prosperous industry, but accumulated by servile arts, political delin-



quency, and fraudulent intrigue, is usually too rapid to admit of a gradual acquaintance with every-day comforts, found equally among the first and middling classes of society. A place under government, suddenly obtained, uniting wealth to influence, strikes the roots of ostentation deep, before the want of comfort and accommodation is felt by those whose original position was destitute of both. In such establishments penury combines with display, discomfort with expense; and while a competition is excited with those, to whom splendor is an inheritance and a habit, the less obvious, but more enjoyable elegances of life, are wanting and neglected. Of this, the cold, fine, formal apartments of Mount Crawley, like the habits of life of its occupants, were striking proofs.

This suite, intended to be imposing, terminated in a little room, into which the footman ushered the Commodore, and

then went out by an opposite door. Though close, unaired, and slovenly, this apartment had an air of pretension about it, that marked it out the retreat of some slip-shod muse. Soiled muslin draperies, vases of dead flowers, offensive to the sense they were meant to gratify, an unfinished drawing on an easel; of New-Town Mount Crawley, with *Dulce Domum* written under it, together with much literary lumber, and traces of vulgar sentimentality in every direction, would have decided at once the vocation of its proprietor, if pious books, strewed upon the tables, and evangelical tracts covering the sofas, did not indicate another calling than that of the muse; for though here and there appeared much of the Sappho, there was also much of the saint. Piles of bibles, filling every corner, indicated that this coquettish boudoir, and holy oratory, belonged to one of those persons who give books where they should give bread,

and lavish dogmas and credenda to those who want the means of existence. The Commodore, in the impatience and ennui of idle waiting, took up one book after another. For though all were not sectarian and polemical, yet none were to his taste. This Olla Podrida of sacred and profane literature consisted of namby-pamby verses, and religious calls; sentimental letters and methodist tracts; short cuts to learning of every description; summary views and meagre abridgements, elegant extracts, "Alphabetical Citations," rhyming, biographical, geographical, scriptural, historical and astronomical dictionaries of every calibre. Here "Philosophy, for the Use of the Ladies," lay with "the true Religion of a Gentlewoman;" "the Wanderings of a Water Wagtail in the sixteenth century" with "Sermonettinos or religious Bagatelles;" "Shreds of Fancy, or literary Patchwork," with "an Alarm to the Unconverted;" "Delicate Crimes,

or sin, sorrow, and sensibility," a religious novel, with "a Call to the unrepenting, or Milk for Babes, and strong Meat for Men;" a duodecimo "Beauties of all the Poets, or Pocket Inspiration," with "the History of a Child who knew not the Lord before her fifth year, and who died converted to the true faith at seven." Controversial tracts upon all the new lights lay mingled with quarterly, monthly, and evangelical reviews, "Elegant Extracts for the Flageolet," "Hints for the Tambourine and Triangle," "A Method for tuning the Harp without an ear," "Mnemonic Systems for learning Languages without study, and a mode of playing three Piano-fortes at once with two hands." This catalogue raisonnée, or rather *déraisonnée*, might be taken as epitomizing the perversion of human intellect, and as evincing the successful circulation of the folly, hypocrisy, and imposition of the day, no less than the shallowness, bad taste,

and pretension, of the presiding mistress of this sanctum sanctorum.

The Commodore had just taken up, and was about to throw down, in its turn, an historical work for youth, in the title-page of which appeared "Stories of the history of England, by Conway Townsend Crawley, Esq. Barrister-at-law, dedicated to her who 'taught his young idea how to shoot,' to Anne Clotworthy Crawley, by her nephew:" but finding that this history of England omitted the trifling events of the Magna Charta and the revolution, as jacobinical and tending to teach the young idea how to shoot in a direction unfavourable to the orthodox dictation of the day, the circumstance amused him, and he sat down to glance his eye over its pages. They contained an abridgement of doctrines which he was yet ignorant had been broached in Great Britain, under the special protection of the constituted authorities (doctrines, which, if accredit-

ed, defeat the claims of the reigning family to the throne, and place its august members on a line with the mushroom kings of the by-gone day). He was thus occupied when the door opened, and entered, not as he expected, Mr. Crawley, but Mr. Crawley's sister, with her chapeau de bergere in one hand, her watering pot in the other, a marked primitiveness in her dress, and a mincing, languid, affected air in her gait and address: she commenced with a little start of surprise, at finding her boudoir so occupied, then approached full of smiles, graces, and graciousness, or what she meant to be such: she begged the gentleman to be seated, let down the muslin blinds, to exclude, as she said, the too propitious kindness of Sol; and then took her seat near the sofa she had pointed out to the stranger. Whatever impression his manly and distinguished figure had made upon Miss Crawley, as he was seen leaning over the paddock

gate, that impression was now improved into boundless and enthusiastic admiration, by the singularity of his fine countenance, the extreme ease of his address, that disengaged air, which the world only gives; and, above all, by a bow, whose foreign grace she placed at once to the account of supreme English *bon ton*. It was Miss Crawley who had received the Commodore's message, who had told the footman that she would receive him, until her brother was at leisure to attend to his summons; and who now believed that she was doing the honours to some man of rank, bearing letters of introduction from the Marchioness of Dunore, or from some other person of distinction; whom, by her laborious exertion, she had placed on the list of those she called "her kind great friends." Such events occasionally happened; for the beautiful tract of Dunore, like that of Glengariff, frequently tempts the visitors of Killarney

to go some miles out of their way, and to take the coast road, in order to view its romantic scenery en passant.

Miss Crawley now opened the conversation, after a few side-long looks, and serpentine motions, with apologizing for her brother's absence, enumerating the variety of his official, political, and professional engagements, stating the coincidence of the assizes, and the Glanacrine election, as an additional cause for the hurry of business; and episodically introducing sketches of the family importance in general; her second brother being a sergeant-at-law; her third a first commissioner; her eldest nephew being that year sheriff of the county; her next a major in the army, a peninsula hero, covered with orders; and the amiable cadet, she added, "the Magnus Apollo of the age and country, was a young barrister of great poetical, political, and diplomatic promise, her élève,



and, as the poet said, darling without end." Encouraged by the silent attention, and occasional inclination of the Commodore's head, Miss Crawley added to this information some slight notices of herself; and in apologizing for what she called '*the literary litter*' of her boudoir, she referred to habits, that had become second nature, and that required an almost regenerated spirit to be broken, a light, to make darkness visible, a superhuman intervention; she sighed, and then threw up her eyes, and then added with an air, half primitive, half dramatic,

"It was my good fortune, or should I not rather say my ill fortune, early in life to be distinguished by the celebrated Lady Clotworthy, of Bath, whose prize poems——"

Here the Commodore involuntary took up his hat, and Miss Crawley suspecting that she was bestowing more of "her tediousness" on him than might

suit with his previous arrangements, observed,

“ I have obtruded this family sketch upon you, in the expectation of presenting you to the originals; for we hold a family congress here to-day; and whether your visit to Dunore be a pilgrimage of taste, or of mere amusement, my brother will be happy to do the honours of these romantic scenes in the absence of their lord, whom he represents.”

“ My visit, madam, has not been destitute of the gratifications of taste; but it is not a pilgrimage made merely in pursuit of amusement; business of a more serious nature.”

The word “ serious ” fell like an electric spark upon the imagination of Miss Crawley; and the first self-created vision she had conjured up vanished before another of equal interest and importance; for she was now led to believe, that herself, and not her brother, was the object of this visit; that what she

had taken for temporal distinction, was "the beauty of holiness," and that she saw before her, not, as she had supposed, a mere idle elegant English man of fashion, "*prominant ses ennuis*," in the wilds of Munster, but one of an higher calling, who might unite worldly elevation to that which is above the world's giving or taking away: some male Huntingdon, some imitative Wilberforce, whom the odour of her new fangled sanctity had allured to the scenery of Dunore.

Miss Crawley was of that undefined age which is occasionally found to vibrate between the folly and susceptibility of youth, and the despondence and experience of disappointed senility: that drowning age in which female celibacy catches at every straw held out by hope, or offered by vanity, and which, with the illusive chemistry of self-love, converts every circumstance of the day's ordinary routine into the

chance of that change so devoutly wished. She had long sighed for a fellow labourer in that cause, which, like all other causes tinged with human leaven, is best carried on with the auxiliary of rank, fortune, or personal advantage.\* The object might now stand before her, her hour might have arrived, and the sudden hopes kindled by this visit (hopes always on the *qui vive*), for a moment stunned and deprived her of her wonted, elegant, graceful, picturesque presence of mind. The half-conscious gaze, which, (while all these deep but rapid ruminations crossed her mind), she fixed upon the Commodore's face, crimsoned that face almost to the brow; Miss Crawley saw and caught the soft infection; it called a faint blush to her pale and sallow cheek: then inhaling the odour of the offensive flowers, that withered in a tawdry vase

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\* "A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn."

on the table, she repeated his words in a certain soft solemnity of voice:—

“ A more serious nature ! may I add my ardent wishes to my sanguine hopes, that whatever may be the purport of your visit here, success the most perfect may attend it.”

The Commodore bowed low, and even in some little confusion, but looked to the door for the momentarily expected entrance of Mr. Crawley.

“ You may, perhaps, have known,” said Miss Crawley, “ the late celebrated Zachariah Scare’um, of pious memory.”

“ I have heard of him,” replied the Commodore, with the conversion of the mysterious Mrs. Magillicuddy full in his memory, and again taking his hat.

“ You have heard of him,” said Miss Crawley, “ of course : disciples of every sect have heard of him, though all do not agree with him. His gladiatorial wrestle with many of the ramifying and heterodox divergencies of the only true and infallible light has

gained him a worldly distinction, he craves not; his sturdy and zealous opposition to the Sublapsarians, the Baxterians, Necessarians, Antinomians, Sabalarians, Swedenborgians, Independents, Universalists, Destructionists, Hutchinsonians, Millenarians, Shakers, Jumpers, Dunkers, Fifth-Monarchy men, and Muggletonions——”

Here Miss Crawley's breath and the Commodore's patience failed together. She paused for inspiration, and he rose to interrupt this tirade of sectarian pedantry, by demanding if he had any chance of seeing Mr. Crawley that morning. With a look vibrating between doubt and disappointment, Miss Crawley rose and rang the bell; but to her inquiries for her brother, the answer, as she expected, was, that he had driven out in his curricule to Glannacrime, and would not return till dinner.

“ This is unfortunate,” said the Commodore; “ for I am obliged to leave Dunore early to-morrow morning.”

Miss Craw  
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widower, her privileges and immunities were unlimited; and she now pressed her invitation with the air of one who had a right to give it, and the ardor of one who had an interest in its being accepted.

This conviction at once struck on the apprehension of her quick-sighted guest, and uniting with the exigencies of his own situation and business, it at once decided him in yielding to solicitations, which, coming from a woman, even such a woman, he was not, perhaps, of a character to reject. With that peculiar frankness, which characterized his manners, after the pause and hesitation of a moment, he said,

“Well, Madam, I shall avail myself of your polite invitation. The few words I have to say to Mr. Crawley can be despatched over our coffee, and time, precious to both, may thus be spared.”

He now took his leave, and the bow



with which he departed finished the impression his first appearance had made. He had been gone near twenty minutes, and Miss Crawley still remained lounging on the sofa, in the attitude of one absorbed in a pleasant reverie; when suddenly recollecting she had neither asked the name or address of the person she had invited, and that he had not himself volunteered it, she rose and rung the bell to make some inquiries among the servants, when the arrival of two barouches and four, with out-riders, called off for the present her attention. These handsome and shewy equipages contained nearly the whole of the family congress alluded to by Miss Crawley. The one contained Serjeant and Mrs. Crawley and their four daughters; and the other Mr. and Mrs. Commissioner Crawley, with a pretty daughter of the latter by a former marriage. The first were on their way to Killarney, and stopped by

special invitation for a few days at Mr. Crawley's. The latter had come to take possession of an estate purchased for him by his eldest brother, the attorney, in the neighbourhood of Dunore; whence they were to proceed on a visit to the bishop of the diocese.

If ever there was a period in the history of a country when it might be said, that

! "Crime gave wealth, and wealth gave impudence,"

it was that period in the history of Ireland, when rebellion, excited for the purpose of effecting a ruinous union, called forth all the worst passions of humanity, and armed petty power with the rod of extermination; placing torture at the disposal of personal vindictiveness, and making falsehood, treachery, and corruption, the stepping-stones to power, office, and emolument.

The wealth, influence, and importance of the Crawley family took their

date from that memorable and frightful epoch in the tragedy of Irish history, which produced both moral and political ruin to a long-devoted country, under every form of degradation, of which civilized society is susceptible. Previous to that period the three brothers had remained buried in the obscurity which belonged to their social and intellectual mediocrity. The eldest, Darby Crawley, the country attorney, found his highest dignity in being the factotum of the two Barons Fitzadelm, the agent of their embarrassed property, on which he lent them money saved by his father in their service, until the little that remained of the estate fell into his hands. Through the interest of his employer he had been put into the commission of the peace. The year 1798 found him a magistrate, and fortune and his *merits* had done the rest.

The second brother, whose gravity was mistaken for ability by his father,

(the illiterate land-bailiff of the Fitzadelms) was made a gentleman by the patent of a college education, and the legal degree of barrister-at-law. He had plied in the courts with an empty green bag, and more empty head, year after year, with fruitless vigilance, till his energy in the melancholy prosecutions, produced by the rebellion, obtained him notice, patronage, place, and a silk gown.

The third brother, at once pompous and officious, servile and oppressive, formed alike to tyrannize or cringe, had been placed a clerk in a government office; where, by his pliancy and industry, he made himself useful to a personage of shallow endowment and official importance, whose political views and flimsy attainments rendered agents thus qualified necessary to his purposes. The dull but zealous commissioner, who could not be daunted, because he could not feel, was deemed

a proper person to represent a government borough in the Union parliament; and having effected "this most filthy bargain," was rewarded with the place of first commissioner of a particular board, one of those boards instituted and perpetuated for the purpose of paying such debts to such creditors as the members of the Crawley family.

Mr. Commissioner, like his elder brothers, characteristically represented the BUREAUCRATIE, or office tyranny, by which Ireland has been so long governed; whose members, arrogating to themselves exclusively the virtue of loyalty, and boldly assuming its insignia and device, have become formidable and oppressive to all who thwart their career, question their title to this unfounded assumption, or insinuate that their loyalty lies more in their places than their principles. The basis of fortunes being thus broadly laid, industry and zeal were not wanting to these wise

*men of Gotham*, for raising the super-structure to the imposing elevation which it now exhibited. The elder brother, Darby, was inferior in acquirements and destitute of that education which his father's increasing prosperity had enabled him to bestow upon his younger sons; his success, however, was equal to their's, and his places and avocations were still more numerous. He had been a crown-solicitor, at a moment when that place was the most inordinately lucrative: he was treasurer of a county; and he united to these trust-worthy situations those three capacities, whose unity is named in the country parts of Ireland, "the tripple tyranny of the land:" he was agent to an absentee nobleman, an active magistrate, and captain of a yeomanry corps.

As agent, he kept off the landlord by misrepresentations of the political and local state of the country, and worried the tenants, by obliging them to labour

for his own personal benefit. They drew his turf, mowed his meadows, fenced his fields, thatched his out-houses, grazed his hunters, and contributed their poultry to his table: for, in the absence of their natural protectors, they felt themselves thrown for favours and redress upon the mercy of one, whose indulgencies and whose justice could alone be purchased by such bribes.

As a magistrate, and the representative of his employer, he got up grand juries, domineered at the sessions, corresponded with the state secretaries, became an organ of intelligence to the great officers of the Irish government, and obtained the name of the most loyal man in his county.

As captain of yeomanry, he clubbed his own tenants, and labourers of the dominant persuasion, made his returns full to the government, distributed the money *ad libitum*, pocketed the surplus, kept the neighbourhood in terror,

and apprehended, and committed to prison, whom he pleased, with more regard to prejudice and private feeling than to justice, or the public peace; for he was a man of constitutional timidity, and believing himself an object of popular execration, he acted as if he was its victim.

Though in his magnificent house in Dublin, and his seat at Mount Crawley, he received and entertained persons of the first distinction, the society he frequented, the circle in which he moved, had produced no influence on his mind or manners. The stubborn, intractable, incorrigible vulgarity which distinguished both, was accompanied by a sort of low native humour, which gave a peculiar expression to his shrewd leering eye, and screwed up puckered mouth. But though all refinement, all mental illumination were placed beyond his possibility of acquirement, he had still that species of natural sagacity, that



subtlety of littleness, which, operating like instinct in small circles, attains to a precision proportionate to its circumscription; and which has been so well styled by Bacon, "left-handed wisdom" — he possessed, too, a certain cheerfulness of temperament, a constitutional hilarity, which hid out the darker qualities of his character, and rendered even the contempt he inspired free from the asperity of fixed aversion. The laughter he excited blinded many to the injuries he had committed; his blunders and humour kept his designs out of sight; and his ridicules were so prominent, and stood so broadly on the surface, that if they did not conceal his vices, they gave even to his arts the air of simplicity.

At the period when the genius and worth of Ireland, combining with all that remained of public spirit, stood forward in the cause of its independence,\*

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\* In the year 1782.

when the Irish parliament, and the Irish law courts, shone with a splendour, soon eclipsed, but never surpassed; it was the fashion of the ruling party to turn loose upon the scene of legal or senatorial action some ruffianly humourist, to pick from the herd of briefless barristers some professional buffoon, whose vulgarity might over-bear, and whose unfeeling impudence might elude the wit and the argument it could neither vanquish nor refute. Low humour, coarseness that passed the bounds of decency, blunders that bordered on fatuity, sometimes the genuine products of intellectual confusion, more commonly the results of a long-sighted affectation, whatever, in short, could divert public attention from public interests, replace gravity by laughter, stamp talent with opprobrium, and mark patriotism for proscription, was then put in requisition, along with the many other debasing schemes, for vitiating public taste, cor-

rupting principles, blunting feelings, and subduing the spirit of a regenerating and awakening people.

In this school, and at this period, Darby Crawley, then a clerk in an attorney's office, had studied deeply. He estimated everything by its success. Genius and patriotism, or, according to his own accentuation, *ganius* and *pathretism*, with him meant *folly* and *disloyalty*. But while his experience taught him the danger of possessing the one, or of cherishing the other, he had an high and reverential approbation for *purchased* acquirements, for that education which wealth can obtain. Education had made gentlemen of his brothers; education had made a fine lady of his sister; education had made his sons wiser than their father; and *want* of education had left himself upon the last degree of the family scale whom nature had allotted to the first. To supply his early deficiencies, he became therefore a close

copyist of the sentimental jargon and foreign slip slop of his sister ; and even attempted the fluent verbosity and college pedantry of his youngest and most admired son. But the double treachery of a bad memory and a false ear plunged him into inaccuracies and mistakes, which the reprehension of those two leading members of his family was in vain applied to correct.

It was, however, curious to observe his natural sagacity, and the intuitive ability of his low, creeping, sordid, self-interest occasionally assuming their superiority over the flimsy attainments of his brothers and children; whose accomplishments he was wont to admire, and who, in return, while they revered his success in life, and availed themselves of its advantage, blushed, and looked down on the ignorance and vulgarity by which it was accompanied.

A wet evening in the country, during the long vacation, would frequently

afford him an opportunity of displaying his intuitive views of advancement in life, for the benefit of those who stood indebted to education alone for their distinctions. Then, released from the necessity of representation, and indulging to its full extent his natural vulgarity, seated over what he called his "sup of hot," or a tumbler of punch, he might truly be said to be in his element. Then, surrounded by his family, his sister presiding at the tea-table, his three sons lounging in different parts of the room, his intellect quickened by his potations, his feelings softened into maudlin tenderness, his eyes half closed, his punch half drank, his hands half clasped, and his thumbs in twirling motion, giving loose alike to prospect and to retrospect, thinking over what his family had been, and what they might still be, he would begin his customary exhortations to his sons. These domestic lectures usually commenced with

drinking their health to call their attention; then reproving, then advising, and at last becoming pathetic as he grew fuddled, he usually concluded with his own death and the family ruin, which must ensue if his advice was neglected and forgotten.—“Tim, Con, Thady, your healths; Anne Clotworthy, my sarvice to you: well then, Clotty dear, will never you send away that *water bewitched*? It's little the tay ever your mother drank at your age, though she got to be the taydrinkingist sowl in the barony before she died, poor woman. Why then, Tim, dear, have you nothing to do but to lie stretched on the broad of your back along my new hair-bottoms, with your arm dangling down, and surprising them innocent animals of flies on the carpet that's strewn with their corpses: upon my word, Tim, it would be fitter for you to be raiding the '*Hints for a Magistrate*,' or '*Mach Nally's Justice of Pace*;' you that will be in the

commission, and high sheriff of the county, by promise since the Union. I wonder, Tim, but you'd send them game to the bishop you brought home last night, instead of giving them to your crony, the surveyor;—and the bishop, brother to a minister! and he that likes a bit of grouse above the world. There is nothing better bestowed than that which we give to them that want nothing; mind my words, Tim. Why then, captain, I wish you'd quit with your rattan against my iligant Northumberland table, and get of it intirely. What use is the chairs but to sit on; and if you had gone, as I bid you, to make your compliments to the general of the district the day, you wouldn't be playing your devil's tattoo and spoiling my Northumberland. I've often told you the general might make a man of you with the Duke of York: is it by whistling and rapping my stick against the table for

the length of a wet evening that *I* got on in the world? No; but night and day, wet or dry, summer or winter, watching the main chance, Thady; and when I hadn't as much as 'cuddy would you taste,' for myself, I had still always a bit of a *dewshure* for the great, a Wicklow pebble, or a lump of Irish diamond, or an hundred of Puldoody oysters, or a cask of Waterford sprats, or some sort of a pretty *bougie* for my friends."

"Bijou," interrupted Miss Crawley.

"Well, bijou then; but *apropos de bot*, Thady, in regard of your flopping fat Miss O'Flaherty of Dunore on your fine mare, and riding her round the country, when you couldn't plaze the gineral's lady more than giving her that very mare, which only just lies here doing nothing at all but ating my hay and corn, while you are with you regiment eleven months in the year; for the great likes a present, every man jack of



them; and fat Miss O'Flaherty's a papist, and was a marked man in the rebellion, that's her father; and her brother this day in America: and is it by lending a mare to fat Miss O'Flaherty I got your ensigncy from the secatary of war, and made a captain of you, over the heads of them might be your father? No, faith, it was the Puldoodies that did it, and being a good friend to government through thick and thin. What is it you're writing there in them short lines, Conway Townsend? Is it rhymes? Why then, I wish you'd lave off with your *poethry* and your *ganius*: mind my words, Con, dear, your *ganius* will play you a dirty trick yet; for sorrow good *ganius* ever did for man or baste. What was it brought the country into jeopardy, and *bull-veasied* the govern- in the year 82?—Why, *ganius*. What was it that set the world wild with the Irish volunteers, the free trade, and the eatholic bill, and counsellor Curran, and

ould Lord Charlemont, with his statues, and his pictures, and his popularity; and Mr. Grattan, and his *people*, and Irish eloquence, and the Irish aristocracy;—why, wasn't it *ganius*? Och! Sir, times is changed since then, since a man should talk eloquence and pathretism, and all that Gally-my-jaw, as the French call it, to get on in the the world.”

“ Galimathias,” lisped Miss Crawley.

“ Well, Gally-matchaw, then,—and not all as one as *now*, Con, when a man has only to follow his nose, and walk into place or pension, just by sticking to the main-chance. Och, Sir, the Irish bar (1) is another thing since them days. Tell me, Con, dear, is it *independ-ence* will get you a silk gown? Will *ga-nius* make you first counsel to the commissioners, with your eight thousand a-year for doing nothing at all at all? Will it make you a *deputy remembrancer*, with your nate four thousand, which is the *true* remembrancer. Or would

ganius, poethry, and pathretism, with the aristocracy at their head (that is barring the Union lords), get you at this moment to be one of the *thirty-one* county sessions chairmen, all made since the year eighty-nine, for the encouragement of the rising young barristers; or even a magistrate of police, or a seneschal of the Dublin liberties, or a missionary to explore disturbed districts! Troth and faith, they wouldn't. And could do more this day myself for you than the whole boiling of them, in respect to pushing you up the stick, Con, at the bar; that's if-you'll lave off bothering us with your poethry. For see here, the thing's as plain as *pais* (peas).—Sure, there's spectacles for all ages, as well as wigs and gowns. Thanks to him that served the country well when he was in it, and does to this day, for all he butters them up with the Catholic question, and votes, with his tongue in his cheek, with the opposition, about it; and it's only for

him the Crawleys wouldn't be where they are the day. And there's a little bone-bush in store for you all round, if you will just be aisy and mind your hits, and drive on the ball when it comes to you, and be ready for your turn. For there is two hundred of yez, great and small, ould and young, walking the hall, with your wigs and your bags, and there is three hundred places to divide among yez—make money of that, Con; and not one of you but may be a loyal man, and an enfant trouvé of government, as the French say, if he plazes."

"Enfant chéri," interrupted Miss Crawley.

"Well, enfant cherry, if yez will just mind your P's and Q's; and so now you know the ways of the place; there's neither twining nor turning, but straight forward. So let's have no more of your rhymes and your ganius, and your satirical-perigrams, Counsellor Con."

“ Epigrams, my dear Darby.”

“ Well, *epigrams*, then ; but—”

“ Can't you mind what I *think*, and not what I say ; for you're not beholden to them, Con, with your college education, and your speaking French like a Nabob. Now, just ask yourself, is the chief baron a ganius ? or the counsel to the commissioners a ganius ? or was it poethry made a serjeant of your uncle ?—No ; but wigg<sup>\*</sup> all the chancellors that ever were created, and offering to kick a Catholic barrister, which he didn't after all, for a *raison* he had ;—but the will, Sir, was taken for the deed. So come to your tay, Con, and be aisy with your poethry. Well boys, dear, I'll see the day yet, when I'm dead and buried, God help me, and in my new *moleseum* in Dunore church, when my words will come to pass, and you will be thinking of your

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\* Ear-wigg<sup>ing</sup>, i. e. whispering.

ould father Darby Crawley, when some of yez may have titles, which, if ever there comes about another rebellion, as I expect there will, plaze God,—but that's neither here nor there,—only, just as I was saying, when I am dead and buried, and Clotty there places an epithet over me, from his affectionate sister, and the pew hung with black, like the Dunores, I'll see my words come to pass, and you'll remember your poor father, that worked night and day to make gentlemen and loyal men of you ; for we must all die, boys, honey, great as we are. *Momenti mori*, as the tomb-stone says, and the yeomanry corps fire over us, the Lord help us ! for dirt we are, and to dirt we must return ; the Crawleys like the rest."

As this compound idea of death and supremacy rounded off the admonitory peroration of Mr. Crawley, snuff and punch had usually wound up his whining sensibility to its utmost excitement, and

the tears which he shed for his own death were commonly followed by that profound sleep which images it.

On the three hopeful disciples of this worldly doctrine, though its letter made but little impression, its spirit sunk deep; and the characters of the three younger Messrs. Crawley, were but modifications in various degrees, and proportions, of those qualities, which combined in those of the three elders. Timothy Harcourt, the high sheriff, the true representative of that class, contemptuously designated by the peasantry "the Squiranty," was dull, over-bearing, vulgar, and profligate; at the head of a party association in the country, gambling deeply at the clubs in Dublin, he every where assumed airs of importance on the strength of the family relations with the government, and affected a fashionable libertinism in his morals, with a violent outcry in favour of *church and state*. Still, however, he preferred a cock-fight at Dunore, or a ca-

rousal at the Dunore Arms with his friends, the port surveyor, and the sub-sheriff, to the higher class of society, which he occasionally commanded, but never enjoyed. The lower classes, whom he oppressed, hated him to abhorrence; the middle classes in the country feared and avoided him; and the higher circles won his money, and admitted him to their drinking parties, where his intemperance passed for joviality, and his vulgarity for humour.

Major Thadeus Windham Crawley, (for it is the fashion among the Crawley class in Ireland to tack the names of viceroys and secretaries to their baptismal appellations) called himself a dasher; and was a fair illustration of that term, as applied in Ireland. He was handsome, good-humoured, vulgar, and self-sufficient. He had seen a little service in America, a good deal in the peninsula; and though his residence in other countries had cleared away many



of his local prejudices and littlenesses, it had added little to the stock of his original ideas, and took nothing from the purity of his original brogue. His phrases were all broadly idiomatical; his conversation enriched with regimental technicalities and Irish slang; and when he had talked of BIVOUACKING and WIGWAMS, of making the *ould one* come down with the pipeclay, sung "*I am the man for the leedies*," and described the prince RAGENT's levee, (commencing every phrase with "I'll give you my honor"), he had gone through the whole *menage* of his intellectual capabilities. The rest of his existence was made up with whistling, humming, drawing up his cravat, to make a sensation on the appearance of a stranger, reading the army-list, and beating his rattan against his father's Northumberland table.

The character of the barrister, Conway Townsend Crawley, the Magnus

Apollo of his aunt, and usually called Counsellor Con, by his father, seemed to have its foundation more particularly in temperament, and to be of a more definite and distinct class, as well as of a plus haute volée, than his brothers. It was obvious that both its merits and its defects originated in physical infirmity beyond his control. Called by his father his posthumous son, because his mother died in giving him life, his inauspicious birth seemed to have intailed upon him a bilious saturnine constitution. Even his talent, if talent it might be called, was but the result of disease. No 'overflowing of the pancreatic juices' had influenced the system of Conway Crawley, even in that age when the blood is balm. The dark bile, which from childhood swallowed his cheek, dimm'd his eye, and tinged the spirits of youth with the causticity of age, continued, through adolescence and manhood, to communicate its bitterness

to all his views; turning his words to sarcasm, his ink to gall, and his pen to a stiletto; and combining with an education, whose object was pretension, and whose principle was arrogance, it made him at once a thing fearful and pitiable, at war with its species and itself, ready to crush on the verge of the tomb, as to sting in the cradle, and leading his overweening ambition to pursue its object by ways, dark and hidden, safe from the penalty of crime, and exposed only to the obloquy which he laughed to scorn; for opinion has no punishment for the base.

If ever there was a man formed alike by nature and education to betray the land that gave him birth, and to act openly as the pander of political corruption, or secretly as the agent of defamation, who would stoop to seek his fortune by effecting the fall of a frail woman, or would strive to advance it by stabbing the character of an honest one,

who would crush aspiring merit behind the ambuscade of anonymous security, while he came forward openly in the defence of that vileness which rank sanctified and influence protected, that man was Conway Crawley. He was yet young; but belonging to the day and the country in which he first raised his hiss, and shed his venom, success already beckoned him, through the distant vista, towards her, with a smile of encouragement and a leer of contempt. Prompt, pert, and shameless, he had already, both at the bar and in society, evinced a well-managed talent for display and for evasion, a fluency that bore down where it could not convince, and an insolence which humility could not soften, nor power brow-beat. Lampoons, which he solemnly denied, had been brought home to him, and obtained a sort of local notoriety, while they evinced talents which were to pave their way to distinctions more solid, by means

more ingeniously despicable than he had as yet been called on to exercise. While in every pursuit "*wisely shunning* the broad way and the green," his paths were paths of darkness; and had he been found guilty of one good, one generous action, he would "have blushed to find it fame." It was by another species of reputation that the gates of promotion and wealth were to be opened to the ambition of Conway Townsend Crawley.

He was now going the Munster circuit, and took his father's house in his way between two assize towns. He did, however, but little in his profession, notwithstanding that his father had procured him several crown prosecutions, and had made him counsel to two boards. His views were higher than thus creeping through professional places, offices, and sinecures, such as are now reserved for the Irish bar. He was deeply interested in the Glanna-

crime election, and was law-agent for the absent candidate, Lord Adelm Fitz-adelm, whom he had never seen, but whose character he particularly disliked. To his mother, the dowager marchioness, he was personally known; and to her, while at the Temple, he had paid most obsequious attention. His fluency, his light literature, poetical scraps, and critical discussions, had passed upon this capricious and powerful woman of fashion for talent, wit, and erudition: for pretension in this, as in every other instance, succeeded when it amalgamated with all the well-whipped froth of courtly sense.

At the head of the females of the Crawley genius, with all the characteristics of the family, stood Miss Anne Clotworthy Crawley; *Anne*, after her humble mother, Nancy Malone, a brogue-maker's daughter of Doneraile; and Clotworthy, from a certain Lady Clotworthy, who distributed poetical prizes

at Bath, and to whom Miss Crawley had rendered herself *dulcis et utilis* during a six months' residence in that city ; when, at a late period in life for such purposes, she had gone to finish her education. Her first simple name she had received at her christening, in the steward's room at Court Fitzadelm, forty-five years back ; the second she had adopted at her confirmation at Bath twenty years after. This mature renaming she called her " sentimental regeneration ;" and she heard with horror a name so distinguished, so dear to the Muses, at least to the Bath muses, as Clotworthy, curtailed by the fraternal familiarity of her brother Darby into the endearing, but ill-sounding diminutive, of *Clotty*. Against this abbreviation Miss Crawley had vainly remonstrated : it had seized both the imagination and the affections of her brother ; and with this good-humoured, but choleric relation, she dared only to go cer-

tain lengths. Placed at the head of his sumptuous establishment, her alternative was living in a boarding-house, on a legacy left by Lady Clotworthy ; for as a resident in the house of her brother, the serjeant, or in that of the commissioner, her two sisters-in-law had shut the door against her. To live with the great, to be noticed by the great, to influence and render herself necessary to the great, was the ambition and object of Miss Crawley's existence. For this purpose she took the only paths open to her, pretension and flattery ; pretension arising out of a few flimsy, shallow, common-place acquirements, the produce of every vulgar boarding-school,—and flattery, as consonant to the groveling time-serving spirit of her family, and to the smooth, silky, insinuating, serpentizing temper of her own character. At once feeble and vain, deficient and ambitious, her original endowments were below mediocrity, and



her stock of literary and sentimental ideas, like the contents of her boudoir and library, was made up of scraps and fragments: her *étalage de sensiblerie* was gleaned from a class of sentimental novels, now gone by, whose heroines

“Died of a rose in aromatic pain,”

her critical judgments were borrowed from reviews, journals, and the oft-copied opinions of orthodox authority; and her musical talents, on which she peaked herself, consisted of a few got-up songs, sung in such tune as it pleased heaven, in two airs on the harp, one on the Spanish guitar, and four waltzes, with one bass on the piano-forte. To these higher endowments she united other little “useful uselessnesses,” which enabled her to supply the wants of her great friends, which she herself first created. Cloth fruit and filligree baskets, daubed velvet and paper card-racks, French mottoes and English devices,

with all the industrious arts which bad taste supplies to unoccupied mediocrity, were devoted to the drawing-rooms and boudoirs of the great and shallow persons who admitted her as their inmate. With that cunning which invariably belongs to intellectual inferiority, she rapidly obtained the secret of a dominant weakness or a master-passion; and she administered to both with an address worthy of higher views and better objects. She had little valueless appropriate offerings for every one: and from an evangelical tract, or a society bible, down to sugar sweatmeats or paper dolls, her adroitness administered, (and cheaply administered) to the passions, prejudices, and infirmities of all ages, characters, and classes. There were instances, however, where even flattery failed; and there Miss Crawley sought the *dernier resort* of bold, pushing, presumptuous intrusion, which no delicacy checked, no pride restrained. Many a

coronnetted dame has felt the pressure of Miss Crawley's arm on her's in public, with the half-stifled swell of provoked indignation; mortified at her own good-natured weakness, which could not resist the impudent request of protection made in the whining tone of humble supplication.

With all this Miss Crawley *got on*; and though admired but by few, laughed at by many, and progressively found out by all, she contrived to obtain a place in society which modest genius could scarcely hope for, and proud independence would scornfully reject. Her success, like that of her nephews, was the triumph of pretension; it belonged to the day, and the circle, and the family in which she lived.

During the first thirty-five years of Miss Crawley's life, she had professed herself devoted to friendship and the muse; but she by no means suited the action to the word. Other altars than

those of Minerva had received her adoration, and she had long coquetted from the bench in her brother, the attorney's office, to the bench of the Common Pleas, and Exchequer, until a platonic engagement and sentimental correspondence, with a certain Counsellor O'Rafferty, induced her to render her legal flirtations "moins banales."

This correspondence, fed by the tenderest hopes, did not prevent other views from being cultivated. Rank was her object, but in failure of her vaulting ambition, which might o'erleap itself, Counsellor O'Rafferty, whom she called the "soft green of her soul," was kept in quiet reserve, until Counsellor O'Rafferty, unexpectedly elevated to the bench, pronounced a verdict so little favourable to Miss Crawley's pending cause, that she saw herself at forty the victim of a too-confiding heart, and found

"What dust we doat on when 'tis man we love."

The delicate line which is said to divide coquetry from devotion was now broken; and an introduction at this period to some *serious* ladies of rank, who, in Dublin, preside over faith and tent-stitch, and dictate creeds while they cut out shirts, for the benefit of poor sempstresses and expected converts, together with the influence of an itinerant evangelical preacher, the celebrated Zachariah Scare'um, awakened her to a vocation, which induced her to give to heaven all that had once been Counsellor O'Rafferty's. Still, however, she coquetted with religion, as she had done with the bar, to *agacer* many a sturdy polemic, as she had done many a promising lawyer. She had ran in rapid succession through all the shades of the sectarian prism, successively reflecting old lights, new lights, broad lights, and twilights, until finally deciding that she should never stand in her own light, she brought her love of

rank, power, and ascendancy, to quadrate with her religious system, and settled down into an high church methodist.

The former fantastic frippery of her dress was changed into that coquetish simplicity, adopted by ladies who advertize to the world their inward superiority, by the outward and visible signs of the toilette; who pin up their creed with their top knot, indicate their piety by the cut of their bonnet, and who look upon the bright hues and rich tints of heaven and nature as symptoms of sin and badges of iniquity; but who nevertheless bestow upon their ostentatious reserve of costume a care, a precision, a singularity which attracts the eye to their studied appearance, and might put the *recherché* taste of a finished Parisian milliner to the blush of inferiority.

At the head of these pious petite maitresses stood Miss Crawley, emi-

nently primitive in all the exterior forms of her calling; looking upon celestial rosy red with eyes averse, doubting the faith that pranked itself in azure,—“Heaven’s own proper dye,” giving yellow to the devil, and placing coquelicot beyond the pale of salvation; while her own greys, fawns, puces, and snuff colours, “breathing a browner horror” over her swarthy complexion, were chosen with all the delicacy and selection which belong to the studied *faste* of the sectarian wardrobe.

But, though dead to colours, Miss Crawley was not insensible to forms. The person of the stranger guest had taken possession of her evangelical imagination. There seemed to her a mystery in his visit; and she foresaw in her vanity, her visionary idleness, and wordly romance, a conquest or a convert, a partner in her labours, or at least another distinguished name in her list of noble and literary friends. She

was, therefore, prepared to prepossess her family, who were now all assembled at Mr. Crawley's, in his favour; but the late arrival of the men from the assizes left only time for family salutations and greetings, when the Commodore was present to make his own impressions in propria persona.

Mrs. Serjeant, and Mrs. Commissioner Crawley, were less marked by peculiarity than their sister-in-law, at whom they laughed,—not in contempt, but in envy: for they gave her credit for all she assumed, and hated her for her success as much as if she had merited it. Mrs. Serjeant Crawley, half Irish, half East Indian, with the hue of one country and the brogue of the other, prided herself upon the fortune she brought her husband, the size of her house, and the accomplishments of her four exhibiting daughters. To these grounds of self-satisfaction she added the honour and eternal boast of



her intimacy with Lady Kilgobbin, an old lady of rank and pretension, who had been left a solitary straggler on the Irish red bench, after the dispersion of the nobility by the union. Pew-fellow, card-player, and news-monger in ordinary to Lady Kilgobbin, Lady Kilgobbin was with Mrs. Serjeant the beginning and the end of all things. With Mrs. Commissioner Crawley, on the contrary, the Lady Lieutenant was the alpha and omega of special reference. Her life had however furnished her with other sources of pride. She had once been the young widow of an old bishop; and when, with an unprovided daughter, and a portion of an hundred a year, she accepted the hand of the court-favoured commissioner, she had endeavoured to perpetuate the recollection of her former rank and connexion by perpetual references to the memory of her *dear late lord*. Cold, arrogant, and supercilious, she mistook

a dogmatizing spirit for cleverness, affected to despise accomplishments, because she was too indifferent and too negligent of her daughter to give her any, and fancied herself a woman of fashion because people of rank came to her expensive parties, but who laughed at her for the pains she took to induce their visits.

It was impossible for any daughter to be less like her mother, or less like the daughter of a bishop, than Miss Kate Lesley. Her education had been founded by the maid, who had taught her to read, and finished by the footman, with whom she giggled at the carriage window, while her precise mother was paying morning visits. Not yet *come out*, she was fat, fair, slovenly, and fifteen, with her sleeves hanging off her shoulders, her comb out of her hair, and her slipshod shoes off her feet. In every thing a striking contrast to the four wousky-looking, slight, sal-

low, overdressed Miss Crawleys, who had been presented at the Irish court, went to parties, and played, sung, and waltzed, for any one who had the kindness to listen, or the benevolence to look at them.

## CHAPTER II.

What hempen homespun knaves have we  
swaggering here ?

SHAKESPEARE.

He gives the bastinado with his tongue :  
*Our ears are cudgelled with it.*

IBID.

I abhor such phantastic phantasms—such unsociable and point device companions—such rackers of orthography.

IBID.

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IN addition to the Crawley family, which a six o'clock dinner-bell assembled at Mount Crawley, were a few guests supplied by the situation of the country, and the circumstances of the neighbourhood. They consisted of two barristers, friends, and (in their respective ways) *toadies* of the young counselor: two protectees of Mr. Crawley senior, bearing the official dignities of sub-

sheriff and port surveyor; two country gentlemen, tenants of the Marquis of Dunore, (the one of an ancient Catholic, the other of a respectable Protestant family): and the brigade-major of the district, who, from his strict adherence to the prudent rule of never dancing with the daughter where he had not dined with the father, had obtained from the wits of Dunore, the sobriquet of the "cut-mutton-jig-major."

Of the two barristers, the elder was one of that class termed in London Old Bailey counsel. He piqued himself principally upon the vulgarity of his humour, and the coarseness of his address; wore a coat well powdered and ill brushed; and laughed at the legal coxcombs, who sought to get rid of the dust of the courts, before they sat down to a circuit dinner. He might, however, be said rather to entertain the bar than to practise at it; and to pick up on the circuit more jokes than

briefs. He was now a sort of hanger-on—a *proneur titré* of Mr. Conway Crawley, and was always contented to swallow the insolent superiority of the son, so long as he was permitted to swallow with it the claret of the father. The other barrister, more timid and more gentleman-like, followed in the track of the young legal Bobadil from genuine admiration, and with a firm resolve to adopt his course, and to trace his steps to promotion, whatever path he might take, indolently reposed on his higher genius for his own future fortunes, and catered applause for talents he emulated, the jackall of another's vanity.

The two country gentlemen were simply country gentlemen, such as they are found in Munster. Gay, cordial, courteous, hospitable at home, and convivial abroad; but a little out of their natural element in Mr. Crawley's circle, where the business of signing

leases alone had detained them. The sub-sheriff and surveyor owed every thing to the Crawley interest; and full of gratitude for favours *yet to come*, they looked up to Mr. Crawley, of Mount Crawley, with a deference evinced, in proportion to their expectations. The applause which this gentleman usually extorted from both, by a significant wink of the eye, whenever he chose to be witty, or was inclined to be humorous, was generally paid by the sub-sheriff in the formula of "That's nate;" which the surveyor constantly confirmed by the echo of "Mighty nate!"

Such were the party assembled in the best drawing-room of Mount Crawley; when the commissioner observing, that no verbal announce of dinner followed the summons of the bell, turned to Mr. Crawley impatiently, and asked,

"Who do we wait for?—Do you expect any one to dinner, Darby?"

"Not a Christian," returned Mr.

Crawley. "Thady, dear, give the bell a touch, and bid them dish."

"You forget, brother Crawley," said his sister anxiously, "that I told you, if you would have listened to me, or to any one but Jemmy Bryan, when you came home, that I had asked a gentleman to dinner, a very distinguished person, that called on you this morning, after you were gone to Glannacrime."

"Oh, very well, he'll be here while dinner's dishing, I'll engage.—Did he lave his name?"

"I cannot tell you his name," said Miss Crawley, with a smile, "because I really forgot to ask it. '*But what's in a name?*' as Romeo says. This I however can tell you: he is not only the most distinguished, but the most poetical-looking person, as dear Lady Clotworthy would have said."

"You know, Anne Clotworthy, I am always rather a *stiptic* to your descriptions," said Mr. Crawley, winking



to the sub-sheriff, "ever since you told me that that methodist preacher, who came to us on a visit of two days, and staid three months, *was an angel without wings*. He was without wings sure enough, but it was a scare-crow without wings he was the very moral of."

"That's nate!" said the sub-sheriff.

"Mighty nate!" replied the surveyor.

"When I spoke of the angelic properties of the Reverend Jeremiah Judd, I alluded to the inward man, and I was induced to day to believe, for a moment, that this gentleman had brought letters from him; but though he avowed that his mission into this country was of a serious nature—"

"Then I'll tell you once for all, Miss Crawley," interrupted her brother in a passion, "I will not have my house made a magdalen asylum to a parcel of canting methodistical thieves, who are of no use but to set aside the simple *lethargy* of the church service, and to

substitute the errors of the Presbyterians for those of the established faith. With your missions and missionaries, conversions and perversions, have you left me a tinpenny in my pocket to give to my own poor in New-Town Mount Crawley? And pray, what's gone of my one pound note that went to make Christians of the black negroes? Never saw a single sowl of them set foot in a church yet, barring Mrs. Casey's little black boy, that carries her prayer-book to early service. And I'd trouble you for my eleven and fourpence halfpenny, Miss Crawley, that you made me give to get King Pomarre, of the Otaheitee islands, to let himself be baptized; though faith I believe it was king of the Mummings, that's king of the *hummers* he was? And 'bove all, where's my sixteen and three-pence, carried off by your '*angel without wings,*' for '*lighting up the dark villages;*' and my elegant *surtout*, that was stolen out of the hall in Merrion Square, by your

converted Jew, that was waiting for your '*Guide to the Land of Promise.*' I wish you had given the Devil his *Jew* (due), and left me my great coat; that's all, Miss Crawley."

"That's nate!" cried the sub-sheriff, looking to the surveyor.

"Mighty nate!" echoed the surveyor, nodding his head, while Mr. Crawley, who had punned himself into good humour, as the man in the *Guardian* punned himself out of a fever, and who observed the rest of the party much amused at this attack upon the evangelical and dictatorial Miss Crawley, continued, in a milder tone,

"Now, Clotty, dear, I tould you before that I never would let one of your *angels without wings* roost in my house to the day of my death, since Mr. Judd's visitation, who did nothing but preach and ate from morning to night, frightening the life out of me, and abusing the cook. I'd rather see

the Devil come into my house than a methodist preacher. Lord forgive me! and thinks when there's a religion by law established, which qualifies a man for every place in the state, it may serve our turn as well as our betters. If this gentleman then is one of the sarious, one of your missionaries—"

"Here he is, to speak for himself; here at least is one of the Dunore hack chaises driving up the approach, so I'll ring for dinner," observed the commissioner.

"Oh! a hack chaise," said his wife superciliously, and letting fall her spy-glass.

"Is it a *hack* chaise?" asked Miss Crawley in a tone of mortification; but before any other observation could be made, the door was opened, and the stranger, unannounced, appeared. He was in full dress; and the air with which he entered the room, and walked to the place occupied by Miss Crawley, was

marked by a certain disengaged freedom, beyond what is merely acquired in society—the ease of conscious, careless superiority. While he stood paying his respects, and offering apologies for his late arrival to Miss Crawley, every countenance in the room had changed its expression. Some who had risen even forgot to sit down; others eyed him with curiosity: the four Miss Crawleys paused for a moment in their flirtation with the barristers and brigademajor; and Miss Kate Lesley left her shoe in the middle of the room, where it had been thrown by Major Crawley, whose manual gallantries she had in vain resisted, with “Quit now! behave, Thady Windham, or I will complain to your aunt—I will upon my honor;” to which the major only replied by twitching off her slip-shod shoe, and reiterating: “’Pon your honor!” The two Mesdames Crawley looked mortified at their demi-toilette, assumed for a family

dinner; and Miss Crawley's countenance was radiant with triumph, in spite of the Dunore hack chaise.

Mr. Crawley, who loved company, when he was prepared for it, who liked his plate to be seen, when he took the trouble of displaying it, whose favourite aphorism on a company-day was, if there's enough for ten there's enough for twelve, and who now felt satisfied that his guest was not a methodist, from the manner in which he had sprung from the chaise into the portico, with the light bound of an impatient school-boy, advanced to receive him with his wonted overcharged civility; but when that guest appeared, his head uncovered, and his face turned full to the light, he staggered back a few steps, and stood gazing on a form and countenance, that seemed to burst upon his view, like some half-forgotten image of an unpleasant dream. After a minute's silent pause, he took his youngest son's arm,

who stood turning over the leaves of the Review, and glancing a furtive look at the stranger, drew him into the open veranda, with the manner of one "perplexed in the extreme."

"Con, dear," said he, "can you give a guess who that chap is, or what he is, or what brings him here at all?"

"I am sure I have not the least idea, Sir," replied his son. "I don't think his name was announced; but I suppose you will soon know his business. He seems a confident presuming-looking coxcomb enough; most likely a recruiting officer, or a maudlin traveller to the lakes, who will eat your dinners, and put us all into his book, in return for your hospitality."

"I don't care where he puts us, if he's *only* a ganius," said Mr. Crawley, evidently relieved by this suggestion. "If I was sure of that, Con—" he paused, and then added, "It struck me just at the first glance that—but what does

that prove? Sure they say that I am the very moral of Paddy Duigenan about the corner of the mouth and the eye, and is no more to him, either in kith, kin, or relationship, than the lord chancellor, only just play-fellows, when slips of boys together, and great cronies."

"Does this person resemble any one you know?" asked young Crawley.

"Does he? why—but it was before your time;—and knows now that I'm entirely mistaken, only the first look, for its quite clean impossible."

"Dinner is announced, Sir," said the surveyor; "and Mrs. Commissioner Crawley is waiting for you to hand her down, Sir."

Ceremony, with all its laws of precedence, is the *cheval de bataille* of the demi-officials of Ireland. Every guest in Mr. Crawley's drawing-room knew his place, while the Commodore alone, accustomed to the manners of foreign



countries, where the circle of private salons, neutralizes all rank, offered his arm to Miss Crawley, because he stood next her; but she gently resisted the offer, and the procession began. Mr. Crawley led out Mrs. Commissioner Crawley, Mr. Commissioner led out Mrs. Serjeant, Mr. Serjeant escorted the elder Miss Crawley, Miss Lesley, as a bishop's daughter, claimed the *pas* of the four Miss Crawleys, and was ushered by the high sheriff; the four Miss Crawleys were divided amongst the lawyers, the brigade-major and their cousins; Counsellor Con followed alone, proudly pre-eminent, and took his place at the foot of the table; the sub-sheriff and surveyor bowed each other out, with pompous solemnity; the stranger and the two country gentlemen, having "*done the state no service*," and being without any precise *état* in this official hierarchy, were left to arrange their precedence as they might; and they

followed last in the train which proceeded to the dining-room.

The tables of these demi-officials are distinguished by a sumptuousness, a luxury, an extravagance, almost unknown, except to the highest ranks of other countries. Apparently abiding by the maxim of "let us eat and be merry, for to-morrow we die," their device is frequently illustrated by the event. Commissioners of enquiry, suddenly start up with their inquisitorial researches into exorbitant fees, overcharges, bribes, &c. &c. and by a stroke of their pen, convert these chambers of festivity into houses of mourning; while the government, which winks for a necessary time at their malversations, suddenly pounces on their enormities, as an excuse for displacing them, to make room for newer candidates for loyalty and places, where the "last fool's as welcome as the former," and each serves, rules, and is ruined in his turn.

The dinner-table of Mr. Darby Crawley, attorney-at-law, differed in nothing from that of the Lord-Chancellor of Ireland, except in the polish of him that presided over it. Services and *rélèves* succeeded each other in due alternation. The soup, fish, and *patés*, were swallowed in solemn silence; but when the first flush of appetite subsided, champaign circled, burgundy went round, old hock was recommended, and every one talked across the table, round the table, and from the top to the bottom of the table: for the quietude and reserve of a *bon-ton* dinner table has not yet been acquired by the pseudo-grandeess of the desk-aristocracy, who imitate the great in nothing but what money can procure.

Mr. Crawley, who had raised his eyes to the stranger's face between every spoonful of his soup, questioned him with great civility, but with great hesitation, on his opinion of the coun-

try; and, by degrees, yielded up his uneasy, vague, and undefinable sensations of perplexity, to the influence of the frank replies of his nameless guest, and to the exhilaration of his own sparkling champagne and burgundy. Thus restored to his ease, convivial, talkative, and ridiculous as usual, he mentally observed, as he helped himself to mock turtle, his favourite dish, "I wonder what the devil came over me, making a Judy Fitzsimmons of myself about nothing at all—and all for a look, which is no proof; how could it?"

Thus finally chasing the unpleasant impressions, (whatever they might be) from his mind, he gave up his attention to a series of bad jokes and circuit anecdotes, "*mille fois repetés*," and now told, with a broad, vulgar, slang humour, by young Crawley's elder friend, Counsellor Mulligan. This facetious barrister having just finished a good story, of which Judge Aubrey and Baron Boulter (the

judges then on circuit) were the heroes, he observed, turning to Mr. Crawley,

“By the bye, Sir, Judge Aubrey has let out the Rabragh, whom you put up last summer, and whom Baron Boulter left in Tipperary jail, under rule of bail.”

“So I hear,” said Mr. Crawley; “but *bathershin* (as the Irish say), mind my words, Counsellor Mulligan, I’ll have the Rabragh where he wont so easily get lave of absence; that’s with due deference for Judge Aubrey: and has good reason to know (though nothing has been brought against him yet) he’s at the bottom of every thing in this country, Padreen Gar’s boys, and all.”

“Have you seen Conway’s ‘Familiar Epistle to a Jacobin Judge,’ written on that occasion? By jove, ’tis the best hit that ever was made, and has set the judge wild, they say.”

“No, I have not, Counsellor Mulligan, nor doesn’t care if I never see a

scrap of his poethry again while I live; and wishes he would lave off with his hits."

"Me!" said Conway, tossing off a glass of liquor (for the dessert was now on the table.) "Upon my honor, I didn't write that lampoon, which was circulated at Cork, if you mean that." And he felt as he spoke for the manuscript in his pocket. "I don't know how it is," he added, conceitedly, "but every wicked thing is laid at my door."

"Every witty thing is," said the timid young barrister, with a smile.

"Well! that comes to the same thing. I had just the same fatal pre-eminence when I was at the Temple. All the foundling genius of the inns of court was placed to my account."

"I wish," said Mr. Crawley, flinging an apple skin violently from him, "there never was a ganius in the world.—What use in them? What good did ever one of them do? No,

but great harm; and when a man is reared at college, and has read the classics and the college course, what call has he to genius after that?"

"I doubt, however, my dear Darby," said the serjeant, projecting an immense pair of bushy black eyebrows, in which lay all his reputation, and over which he exercised a singular power of contraction and expansion.—"I doubt that we should have had the classics to read in college, if there had not been authors, and what are called men of genius, to write them."

"You are quite right, William," said his brother, the commissioner, speaking with the authority of one who presided at a board; for if we must have books to read, there must be authors to write them, that's certain."

"*C'est clair !*" said Conway Crawley, in a tone of ridicule (frequently directed at his uncles), and a smile of intelligence at his aunt, who had hitherto vainly

endeavoured to draw the Commodore into conversation across the table.

"*C'est clair* indeed!" repeated Miss Crawley, with an affected laugh.

"See Clare," reiterated Mr. Crawley senior, angrily: "well, and see Clare, and see Lyttleton upon Coke, and see all the great crown lawyers that ever wrote, and see if ever one of them wrote a line of poethry. Chancellor Clare hadn't as much ganius for poethry as my foot, and if he had, would have been ashamed to own it."

"I am not now," said Miss Crawley, delighted with the turn conversation was taking, "as once, an advocate for the "*idle visions of the brain*." But still I think no chancellor need have been ashamed of producing such poetry as Watt's Hymns, nor do I see why Themis and Apollo should not have their *liaisons*."

"I am afraid, aunt," said Conway, "that as my father supposes, they



would be '*liaisons dangereuses*.'—  
Blackstone, however, was a poet."

"Yes," said Miss Crawley, "and it was a private traditional anecdote of Shensstone in the Clotworthy family, (for Lady Clotworthy was his relation,) that the sweet bard of the Leasowes was intended for the English bar; and surely had he sat upon the wool-sack, he would not have denied being the author of that sweetly moral, and simply pastoral eclogue,—"

"I have found out a gift for my fair,  
I have found where the wood-pigeon breeds."

"Oh, dacency! Miss Crawley," interrupted her brother Darby, winking at the sub-sheriff, while the ladies smiled, and Miss Crawley placing the smile to the right account, triumphantly went on,—

"But let me that plunder forbear,  
She will say 'tis a barbarous deed."

"Sorrow harm I see in robbing a bird's nest, Sir," said the sub-sheriff, addressing his critique to Mr. Crawley,

in conformity to his patron's very humorous look at the moment—

“For he ne'er can be true she'll aver,  
Who could rob a poor bird of his young.”

“Oh! a most lame and impotent conclusion, my good aunt. But for heaven's sake give us no more of that *fadaise*,” said Conway Crawley—“that gone-by *trash*, which is worthy of the Della Cruscan school, only that its still more insipid, and would scarcely furnish my friend of the Baviad and Mœviad a peg to hang a note on.”

“But your friend of the Baviad, my dear Conway, got out of all keeping, when he called Anna Matilda ‘a wretched woman,’ and other hard names, especially as it was known in the literary circles of Bath and Litchfield that Anna Matilda was dear Lady Clotworthy.”

“Lady Clotworthy! not a bit,” reiterated Conway Crawley. “Anna Matilda was neither more nor less than

that *enfant gaté* of a particular set, Mrs. Cowley, the author of that tissue of all nonsense and absurdity, the Belle's Stratagem."

"The Belle's Stratagem!" said Mrs. Commissioner—"Why the Lady Lieutenant bespoke it this winter. It was played by command; and I had seats in the next box to her."

"And I," said Mrs. Serjeant, "had a row in Lady Kilgobbin's box for the girls and myself, and we thought it a charming comedy, so much fashionable life in it. And Letitia Hardy so *talented*, as Lady Kilgobbin said, and sung, and waltz'd, so delightfully."

"It certainly is a very amusing comedy," said the Commissioner authoritatively.

"Very amusing," said the serjeant, with his eyebrows.

"The Belle's Stratagem," said young Crawley, with cool insolence of look and tone, and folding his arms upon the

table, "is, what I have asserted it to be, a tissue of nonsense and absurdity. I repeat the words—, 'tis more, 'tis a crying sin against good taste, good sense, good manners, and good morals. It's very title justifies every word of my assertion. The Belle's Stratagem! observe—Belle, a foolish French term for a young woman, according to Johnson, and so used by Pope, in his namby-pamby poem, of the Rape of the Lock. Stratagem, too, a term derived from the Greek, etymologically meaning an artifice, or *ruse de guerre*, a device, trick, imposition. The trick of a young woman, to take in a young man of fortune. A notable play for mothers to take their daughters to, truly!"

"I wonder, my dear," said the serjeant, with an unusual projection of the eyebrows, "you should take the girls to such a thing."

"Lady Kilgobbin,"—interrupted Mrs. Crawley; but their nephew interrupting

both, and bearing down all before him, poured forth a torrent of hypercriticism, imposing in proportion to its shallowness; refining away the merits, exaggerating the faults, mis-quoting, mis-representing, and mis-judging, one of the most elegant and popular comedies on the English stage; until all those, who had given it their unequivocal approbation a few minutes before, endeavoured to expiate their former, hasty, but independent judgments, by approving, seconding, and adopting, that of this formidable Zoilus of the Crawley family.

During this tedious, but fluent tirade of pedantic critical jargon, Miss Crawley sat transported; and only fearful that a conversation should cease, in which she and her élève were alone, of all the race of Crawleys, calculated to shine, she endeavoured to keep up the ball, while the nephew paused to take his claret.

To force the stranger into the lists,

she asked him across the table: "May I beg to know what is your opinion of the English poets in general?"

This sweeping question startled the Commodore into a sudden and abrupt ejaculation of "Madam!" Every one smiled; Mr. Crawley winked at the surveyor; and Miss Crawley, with her former suspicions of the stranger's vocation, revived by his silence and gravity, and by the little part he had taken in a conversation, hitherto unworthy of the "elect of the Lord," added with a demure and primitive air, "Your poetical studies are, perhaps, from necessity, far from general, but Milton's divine poem of the *Paradise Lost* may have come under your observation, and stood the test of your critical acumen; if—"

"The term *divine*, my dear aunt," interrupted the 'never ending, still beginning' nephew, "is rather strong to be applied to any uninspired writer; and most of all to such a poet, and such

a poem as Milton, and his *Paradise Lost*. I don't, however, mean to say— pray hear me out, Madam,— that Milton was not a poet, and a good poet, but I must add, that he was a most profane writer, and a most sacrilegious parodist. Nay, grant me your patience one moment.”

“ I only mean to say, in my own exculpation, Conway Townsend, that the term *divine*, as applied to Milton, does not originate with me; that others of higher authority——”

“ Oh, yes, I know Ma'am what you would say: and it is very true, that within the last century Milton has enjoyed a most preposterous fame, a most exaggerated, unmerited celebrity; a fame wholly denied to him by his cotemporaries, the best judges; for, after all, the *trash* that is talked about posterity, the true reputation is cotemporary reputation, tangible fame, fame that one can lay one's finger on, that one can touch.”

“ Devil a bit, Counsellor Con ; but I give you credit for that,” said his father, cracking a nut between his teeth : “ touch and go, Sir, that’s the ra’al fame for my money. Sub, hand up the port, and put the church in the middle of the parish : *ergo*, the salt-cellar : I always take my nuts cum grano salis, as the French say.”

“ But,” continued young Crawley, “ even the fame which posterity, that is, which the last century have bestowed on Milton, cannot be called legitimate fame. It is his political principles, that harmonize with the revolutionary systems of the last fifty years, which have given to the sturdy jacobin the fame that is supposed to be extorted by the poet, a poet, by-the-bye, who has taken the devil for his hero,—”

“ The Lord bless us !” said Mr. Crawley, throwing down his nut-shells in pious horror.

“ Hell for his principle scene of ac-



tion, and rebellion for his theme," continued young Crawley.

"Why then, who is he at all?" asked his father with vehemence. "Will nobody tell me?"

"And of this I am certain, that had he published his *Paradise Lost* in the present day, there is not one genuine English review that would not have denounced him for an impious parodist, and condemned him, *out of his own words*, as profane, jacobinical, indecent, and immoral."

Every body shook their heads, though nobody knew why; while Mr. Crawley, stealing a timid suspicious look at the stranger, and then turning to his sister, observed:

"I'll trouble you, Miss Crawley, not to mention that man, whoever he is, any more at my table. How do I know but every word of the conversation may be reported at the castle, and the secatary think I'm hand and glove with him."

"It is curious," continued Conway, not even hearing his father, and borne away by the shallow rapidity of his own exhaustless volubility, "it is curious to observe Milton's hatred of kings breaking out in some of his most poetical effusions. Thus, in his famous simile :

"As when the sun new risen  
Looks through the horizontal misty air  
Shorn of its beams ; or from behind the moon  
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds  
On half the nations, and with fear of change  
Perplexes monarchs."

"Perplex a monarch!" exclaimed Mr. Crawley, inarticulate from vehemence. "Och! the thief of the world! Why, then, Con, where was the Suspendeas Corpus Act? Where was the law of libel? What was the attorney-general about?"

"The fact is," said young Crawley, taking snuff, and pushing on the box, "that, notwithstanding the legitimate prince was then but recently seated on

his throne, and the reins of government still hung loose, this very passage nearly caused the suppression of the book by the royal licenser, and Milton and his *Paradise Lost* would then have been condemned to eternal oblivion (we cannot say unjustly), and sacrificed to the insulted majesty of the house of Stuart."

"Better," exclaimed the Commadore, with a sudden explosion of fiery indignation, that resembled the brilliant bursting of a sky-rocket, "better that the whole line of Stuarts, and the memory of that feeble, worthless, and despotic family, should be given to eternal oblivion, than that one bright effusion of the genius of Milton should be lost to the great nation, whose intellectual glory it has raised above that of all modern people. Any land might have produced the Stuarts; and one land, blushing to own them for her sons, twice drove them from her shores, a false and feeble race, whom Milton

would not flatter, and Sydney could not save."

A dead silence followed this animated burst of uncontrollable feeling. All were struck, as much by the manner as by the matter of the unexpected apostrophe, from one, whose silence, in spite of the personal distinction which had at first been so opposing, had given a general impression of dulness and inefficiency. But if all were startled, old Crawley was confounded. His son, darkling with ire and irritation, sat for a moment silent as the rest; while his father, whose native cowardice had taken the alarm, doubted whether a French spy, a government informer, or an Irish rebel, now sat at his table. He was even half inclined to send out an ukase to Jemmy Bryan and his myrmidons to hold themselves in readiness; but he first resolved, before he took any decided step, to give a toast as a *pierre de touche* of the stranger's political

creed, a toast which he considered as the watch-word of his own dominant party. Passing, therefore, his hand over his face, so as to give a significant wink to his youngest son, unseen by the rest of the company, he exclaimed :

"Come, Counsellor Con, fill the gentleman's glass next you. I don't mean to give you an hint, Ladies, but before you go, you must all join in a toast, which I believe no one will refuse to drink in this house; this is, Sir," (nodding to the Commodore,) "*the glorious and immortal—*"

"The glorious and immortal what, Sir?" asked his guest, putting a little wine in his glass.

"Why, the glorious and immortal memory; every loyal man knows that."

"I hope I shall not forfeit my claim to that designation, by confessing I have yet to learn whose happy memory has merited these distinguished epithets."

Mr. Crawley pulled down his little

*Beresford bob*, as he called his wig: he was not prepared to answer such an unexpected question; and his son, seeing his perplexity, promptly came to his relief, observing coldly and superciliously to the stranger, "My father, Sir, gives a toast, which in Ireland at least requires no explanation; he gives the glorious and immortal memory of William the Third."

"I drink it, with all my soul," said the Commodore with animation, filling first his own glass to the brim, and then that of the poor catholic gentleman, who sat next him, and to whom "the glorious and immortal" was the memory of the overthrow of his religion, the ruin of the fortunes, and the hopes of his family. "The memory of William of Nassau," continued the stranger, "should find its monument in the breast of every true lover of British freedom: it is the memory of a great captain, chosen by a great nation, to lead it forth in the defence.

of its natural rights and dear-bought constitution, and to drive from the violated sanctuary of their laws that despotic bigot, whose feebleness and corruption had forced a loyal people into the hazardous experience of revolution: with such recollections, I drink," and he arose as he spoke, "to the glorious memory of William the Third."

This was so new an exposition of the revered text of "the glorious and immortal," that Mr. Grawley senior was not the only person present whom it puzzled. With this party of placemen; "the glorious and immortal" had but one signification; it was the watch-word of their own influence, the cry of their own petty, but powerful ascendancy; and these genuine Tories, these advocates of their own arbitrary power, had been all their lives giving the Whiggish toast, without an idea attached to it, save the subjection of the catholic population, an unequal distribution of

rights, and the supremacy of a narrow, bigotted, and impolitic intolerance; coupled, therefore, with the terms 'glorious constitution,' and an 'emancipated people,' it produced a dead silence: even the '*imperturbable*,' the overbearing and insolent Conway, was at a loss how to attack a definition which his reading told him was just and true; he sat, therefore, pulling grape after grape from his bunch, as if he had not thought the stranger's remark worth replying to, and only noticing it by a supercilious sneer; while Miss Crawley observing his annoyance, and now wholly thrown out as to her former opinions of the stranger, came to her nephew's relief by observing, "Well, before I go, I must express my regret that a few literary remarks thrown out at random should have led to any thing like political discussion; and in my own defence must say, that the eulogium I ventured to



pass on Milton was wholly confined to his poetry; for I believe, whatever may have been his principles as a politician, he is, undeniably, a good poet.

"He has written a good poem of the second order," said young Crawley, rallying, "for strictly speaking, the *Paradise Lost* is not an epic; and in a moral point of view, there is not one maxim of prudence or conduct to be drawn from it. Besides, one-half of his poetical beauties are downright plagiarisms from the ancients, in whose snow I can track him at every step. Thus :

"As when heaven's fire has scath'd the forest oak,"

happens to be a cento made up from Homer and Virgil; and again,

"Thrice he essay'd to speak, &c."

is Ovid's '*Ter conata loqui et ter vox faucibus hæsit.*'"

“So much for the bright effusions of this republican genius.” This, Sir, however, “and he turned to the stranger with a triumphant sneer, “may appear flat heresy to you, and a new reading of your favourite author.”

“New! not at all,” returned the Commodore, carelessly: “I have read every word of it long since, in the dull forgeries of that convicted impostor, Lauder; but since the ingenious detection of Douglas, I had imagined that Milton’s plagiarisms had been at rest, or remembered only as warnings against literary credulity.”

“Shall we go, Mrs. Crawley?” asked Miss Crawley, rising and colouring, while the complexion of her nephew deepened in its sallow hue, and became dark with ire and mortification. He was wholly unprepared for the detection of his gotten-up criticisms, even before an audience so insignificant. This singular stranger, who sat a nameless guest

at his father's table, with his bursts of light and involutions of darkness, his habitual reserve and silence, and his occasional involuntary explosions of mind, seemed to hover like an incubus over the vision of his self-importance. Always the centre of his own circle, he was alike unused to opposition or superiority, and from this moment the stranger became the object of that strenuous, inveterate, and unappeasable enmity, which springs from the wounded self-love of a vain man.

The retreat of the ladies, the removal of the great table, and the placing of a smaller one, the preparations for whiskey punch (asked for by the sub-sheriff and surveyor, and eminently enjoyed by Mr. Crawley, who confessed himself no *accoucheur* in wine), with the change of seats incidental to the separation of the sexes after dinner, occupied a considerable time; and the Commodore

was on the point of taking advantage of his seat next Mr. Crawley, to mention to him the business which had brought him to Mount Crawley, when he was interrupted by the entrance of a servant, bearing a letter to the master of the house.

"A coronet sale," (seal) said Mr. Crawley, wiping his spectacles: "The Dunore crest, the Marchioness's hand. James, come back here—Who brought this letter; it isn't a post one, sure?"

"It is not, Sir; it came by express; a castle express. The dragoon is just gone down to the horse-barrack."

"A castle express!" said Mr. Crawley, opening the letter with trepidation, while his son Conway took his seat at the back of his chair.

"Hem! Emily Dunore—Dublin Castle, August 25," read aloud Mr. Crawley, glancing his eye over the page to the signature and address; then rising,

he retired to a remote table with his son, in evident perturbation. After the perusal of the letter, and a few moments conference, the father and son rejoined the party.

“ Here is good news,” said young Crawley, with affected gaiety, while his father remained silent.

“ Lady Dunore is arrived in Dublin, and is coming to Dunore Castle immediately. She is merely recruiting from the fatigues of her voyage, with her friends the vice-regals, and then sets off with a large party.”

“ Come, Sir,” addressing his dejected father, “ we’ll drink to her ladyship’s speedy and safe arrival.”

The toast went round, and many comments were made on the effects of this event. The Protestant country gentlemen observed,

“ This will give an helping hand to the election. The presence of Lady Dunore on the spot will be of infinite

service to her son's cause at Glanna-crime."

"It will be of service," said young Crawley.

"Why I thought she had given up all thoughts of coming to Ireland," said the commissioner: "I heard Lord Rosbrin say so in Dublin."

"And so she had," said old Crawley, with uncontrollable irritation, "but you might as well fix th' ould weathercock on the top of Dunore Courthouse."

"The residence of the Dunore family, even for a short time, will do great good," said the catholic gentleman.

"Great!" said young Crawley, filling his father's glass, and giving the health of the absent candidate Lord Adelm Fitzadelm.

"I wonder," said the catholic gentleman, "since the Fitzadelms have come in for the Dunore property, that

they haven't tried to re-purchase the old house and grounds of Court Fitzadelm."

"Apropos, Mr. Crawley," said the stranger in a low tone of voice. "It is time that I should apologize for my intrusion on your hospitality, by accounting for it. I am desirous to become a purchaser of Court Fitzadelm; for that purpose I came to Mount Crawley, and being obliged to leave Dunore to-morrow morning on urgent business, I availed myself of Miss Crawley's polite invitation, in order to obtain an audience from you. The time, I am aware, is an awkward one for business: all I can now expect to learn is, what may be my chance, and on what terms?"

"I believe, Sir," interrupted young Crawley, "you stand so engaged with Mr. Skerrett of Inchigeela, that you cannot open any new engagement."

"Mr. Skerrett!" said the old man,

rousing himself, "to be sure I can't. And may I presume to ask, Sir, is it to take back, that is, to purchase, I mane, Court Fitzadelm, that brought you into this country?"

"Not exactly, Sir. My wish of taking Court Fitzadelm is merely accidental. I saw it advertised, liked the description, visited the grounds on my way hither, and liked them still better. I resolved to purchase if I could, and waited on you for that purpose."

Old Crawley passed his hand across his forehead, first looked at his son, and then at the stranger; then he added:

"And you mane to return to this country, Sir?"

"My hope of arranging matters with you will be a strong inducement for my doing so."

"Then, Sir," said old Crawley, eagerly catching at his word, "you need not give yourself the trouble. The place



is all as one as sowld to Mr. Skerrett, an ould acquaintance, and a resider in the country; and of course I would give a neighbour the preference over a stranger, an entire stranger."

"It is very natural, Sir," said the Commodore. "Am I to consider this answer as definitive?"

"Certainly, Sir," returned Conway Crawley. "The concerns of Court Fitzadelm are, in fact, disposed of."

The stranger paused for a moment, then took a polite leave of Mr. Crawley, and departed.

## CHAPTER III,

For now enforst a farre unfitten taske,  
——— to change mine oaten reeds,  
And sing of knights' and ladies' gentle deeds,  
Whose praises, having slept in silence long,  
Me—all too meane, the sacred muse areeds  
To blazon far.

SPENCER.

THE intended visit of the Dunore family to the ancient and long uninhabited castle of their ancestors was of too general importance to the district and neighbourhood, not to excite sensation and awaken interest. Mr. Crawley had made no formal announce of the important circumstance, but the arrival of a maitre d'hotel and a French cook at the castle gave sufficient indication of the event. These *chefs du menage* were daily followed by squadrons of non-commissioned officers in the capa-

city of footmen, stable grooms, and grooms of the chamber, with light and heavy baggage, and all the artillery of luxury, comfort, and splendor, which follow in the train of the great, the opulent, and the sumptuous.

The Marchioness of Dunore was all *this* in its fullest extent; and she now visited the domains of her son (whom she represented) with a spirit as imperially extravagant, as accompanied the fair autocrat of the north, in her journies to her ancient city of Moscow; the means alone fell short in the ratio of the states of Dunore to the empire of all the Russias. The arrival of her ladyship was, however, to the full, of as much consequence to the inhabitants of the barony, as that of the great Catherine to the expecting Muscovites. The higher ranks looked forward to festivals at the castle, and balls at the court-house, election dinners, and canvassing parties without end. Mothers

turned their eyes on Lord Adelm Fitz-adelm ; who, as it was reported, would join his mother from the continent. Daughters were not very averse from the same splendid speculation ; and with whom Lord Adelm would dance (*the member's daughter not being in the country*) was a subject of endless discussion.

The lower orders were equally interested in an event, which awakened that train of idle hopes, to which the discontented are always victims. Protection, interference, and redress, were expected by those, who, looking to all good, under the forms of *backing, seconding, and favouring*, make no reference to justice, and have no idea of rights ;—of rights violated in their own persons ; and, according to the laws of re-action, by them in their turn violated on the persons of others. To appeal from the powerful Crawleys to the powerful masters of those Crawleys,

was a favourite scheme with many, and in some nurtured and encouraged, by one who held a peculiar influence over all. This important agent was *Terence Oge O'Leary*.

The lower Irish entertain a respect, bordering on infatuation, for what they call learning; and much of this respect centres in their rustic schoolmasters, the depositaries of their national and traditionary lore. The influence of this order of men was deemed so formidable during the most unhappy period of the Irish rebellion, that they became objects of peculiar suspicion; not to the government, but to the petty magistrates, to whom the government had given such frightful and unqualified power, that ignorance, cruelty, and personal vindictiveness, were armed all over the kingdom, and corporal punishments were inflicted with a barbarity which exceeded the horrors of the rack and the wheel. O'Leary, on whom

the fever of insanity was then still preying, had thrown out many incoherent aspersions against the Crawleys, having the death of the young Lord Fitzadelm for their chief point of reference. A note in Latin and Irish, found in his pocket, which Mr. Crawley could not read, served as a sufficient pretext for accusation, at a time, when a magistrate asserted to the Irish House of Commons "that it was necessary to whip many persons, of whose guilt he had *secret information*, from persons *whose names he could not publicly disclose*." Under such a system, O'Leary had been sentenced to the lash. To his plea of innocence Mr. Crawley replied, "What, you rebellious rascal, dare you speak after sentence?" (\*)

The sentence was put in force; it prolonged and increased his mental irritation; but it elevated him to the honours

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\* Facts.

of martyrdom, in the estimation of his sympathizing compatriots; which, added to the benevolence of his character, and the supposed profundity of his erudition, gave to the feelings he inspired something of tenderness and deference, mixed with veneration. The hopes, therefore, which the return of the Durnore family awakened among their tenantry and dependants were confirmed by the vague, mysterious declaration of the oracular O'Leary, who continued to repeat every where, that "the fall of the Crawleys was *handy bye*, that the reign of the land pirates was nearly over, and that the red arm of the Fitzadelms would stretch forth once more over the land, or perhaps join that of the Macarthies More, as the Geraldines and Butlers had once done. (2) These mystic ravings were considered as Delphic oracles; and sunset brought many a votarist to O'Leary's cell of Monastery-Oriel, to consult on points concern-

ing the validity of leases granted them under the Crawley regime: meantime O'Leary was himself convinced that his guest was no other than Lord Adelm Fitzadelm, whose incognito arrival had preceded his mother's by a few days, and whose resemblance to his unfortunate cousin had already awakened his affections and devotional interest. This "noble espiall," (as he termed his guest) upon the tricks and puppet-shew state of the Crawleys, which he likened to king Solomon's court in the *fringes*, (3) had slept but one night at the friary, and had left Dunore the next morning for Cork, with the promise of returning in a few days; and took with him a '*missive*,' from the pedagogue of the preceptory to Friar O'Sullivan: "touching, plaze your lordship, that is honor I mane," said O'Leary, "the Ogygia of the great O'Flaherty, and the Histoire d'Ireland, by Abbe' O'Gaghegan, which Fra Denis will dispatch



forthwith to me, by the Dunore carrier."

"I will bring them back myself to you, O'Leary," said the Commodore, as he mounted his Kerry steed.

"That's too great honour entirely, my lord, and reminds me of the goodness of him whom you liken, who carried Ware's Antiquities, and Lynche's Cambrensis Eversus, from Dingle town to St. Crohans for me, on one shoulder; and a string of curlews, and his little ould gun, the jewel of the world! on the other; for they were of great value to me then, that's the curlews, and helped to pay the rint; the ould saying being true,

"A curlew, be she white or black,  
Carries twelve-pence on her back."

The stranger departed. O'Leary's doubts as to the purport of this journey, which were, like all his thoughts, confused and wild, became suddenly cleared up by the report of the expected

arrival of Lady Dunore; for it was natural that Lord Adelm should go to Cork to meet his mother, and to return with her to Dunore, and then discomfit the Crawley faction, whom he had seen *in all their glory*. Of the result of the Commodore's visit to Mount Crawley; as of its pretext, O'Leary remained ignorant, for he had made no communication to him; and the respectful deference of the Fitzadelm fosterer, checked the suggestions of a vague, but ardent curiosity.

But if the population of the barony of Dunore looked forward with various views of interest to the arrival of the chiefs of the territory, the Crawleys who had so long and powerfully governed it in their absence, felt little pleasure from the circumstance. They 'wanted no change;' and the irritation of old Crawley's spirit could scarcely subdue itself, from the moment he had received Lady Dunore's letter, or suffer him

to listen to the prudent suggestions of his youngest son,

“ His bosom’s counsellor, and better self.”

It was in vain that Conway enforced the necessity of *representation*, of fitting his conduct to *existing circumstances*, and meeting exigencies with *applicable expediency*. To all this primmer jargon of the young diplomatic apprentice old Crawley only replied with an ominous shake of the head, and the observation of,—“ And the Glannacrime business going on so *illegant*; and that rebellious thief, O’Leary, drinking the downfall of the Crawleys at the Dunore Arms, as Jemmy Bryan tells me, who was on the look out; and that stranger whom Miss Crawley flopped down on us at dinner the other day, lodging for a night at the friary, and then *exerunt manent*, before Jemmy could make out a fiddle about him. But what signifies talking now; ‘ on time’s uncertain date, eternal hours

depend,' as the dial-plate on the new clock says; and so send to Cork for coloured lamps to light up Mount Crawley, for the town of Dunore is going to illuminate, and wouldn't be behind hand with it."

"On the contrary, Sir," replied his son, "we should be *before-hand*, and light up New-Town Mount Crawley, and order your new corps under arms immediately."

"And a *few-de-joy*," cried old Crawley, cheering up; for his new corps was the master-passion of his present existence; and his son well knew the chord by which his relaxed spirits could be restored to their habitual tension.

Miss Crawley, who was not very deep in the family politics, was the only member of the house of Crawley to whom the arrival of the noble Marchioness and her fashionable party gave any pleasure. Lady Dunore had said, in that fatal letter which announced her

intentions, that she meant "to instal the always obliging Miss Crawley (for whose prettily painted skreens she returned a thousand thanks) as DAME DU PALAIS, or mistress of the ceremonies at Dunore Castle, where she would herself be necessarily the greatest stranger."

From this distinguished promotion, Miss Crawley saw a train of delightful consequences, all big with influence, benefit, and importance. She would preside over the ingress and egress of the castle, exclude or admit whom she pleased, blacken and whiten according to her own personal feelings, towards the favourers or thwarters of her vanity and pretension. She would have the Dunore patronage and the Dunore purse for her "subscription, cheap, charitable repository in Dublin," where piety and patch-work were sold together, for her evangelical school at New-Town Mount Crawley, which stood equally opposed to the protestant and catholic schools at

Dunore, and for her "society for disseminating cheap tracts," got up for the especial diffusion of intolerance, and sowing of division among the families of the credulous and unenlightened: but most of all, and best of all, she would have the opportunity of converting, saving, and governing the gay, dissipated, and worldly, but *most noble* Emily Augusta, Marchioness of Dunore, of accompanying her back to London, and founding and presiding over religious conversaziones at Dunore House; herself the star of attraction to parliamentary saints and borough-mongering devotées; out-rivalling Mademoiselle Espinasse, who drew from *her* noble patroness the disciples of a very different sect, and, in the end, became chief, where she had *debutée* as follower.

The evening destined for the arrival of Lady Dunore at last approached; not "like a pilgrim clad in sober grey," but like a flaunting dame, "in flame-

coloured taffetas." It was one of those rich, red, autumnal evenings which, in Ireland, make the sole, the short indemnification, for eleven months of rain and vapour. For miles along the road which led to the town of Dunore, and which wound under the brow of hills, that were almost mountains, the expectation of her cavalcade crowded the acclivities with a long-waiting populace; and when her barouche, followed by two travelling carriages and out-riders, appeared, leaving the high road from Cork, and turning down Mr. Crawley's new made mail-coach road, which passed by Dunore, the old war-cry of the Fitzadelm family rendered the air vocal, and "*Gal-rudgh-uboo*," shouted from a thousand voices, was followed by the descent of a multitude, who, with countenances and gestures as wild as their cry, swept down the sides of the hills, threw up their hats and shielaghs in the air, surround-

ed the carriage, and attempted to unharness the horses for the purpose of drawing the barouche, as a token of devotion and willing hereditary servitude to the long-absent Fitzadelm family.

Lady Dunore (who had never before visited Ireland), with two gentlemen and one lady, occupied the barouche. Rather agitated than frightened, she gave way to a strong hysterical affection. Her journey to Dunore, like her journey through life, had been subject to sudden alternations of excitement and lassitude, of emotions as opposite as their causes were inadequate. She had wept and laughed in a successive series since she had left Dublin, alternately amused and frightened as the sun shone or the clouds loured: she now wept and laughed together; and would have screamed had there been any chance of her screams becoming audible, but that was impossible. The cry of the "*Irishry Mere*," and the wrangling of the "*Eng-*



*lish by blood* (for Lady Dunore's sturdy English coachman and out-riders protested against the carriage being drawn with *suggans*)\* gave her Ladyship no chance for a successful exhibition of powerful emotion; she therefore concealed her face on Lady Georgina Vivian's shoulder, the lady who sat next her, and who, infinitely more intimidated, expressed her fears only by a death-like paleness and a quickened respiration.

Meantime, one of the two gentlemen who occupied the back seat in the barouche, Lord Frederick Eversham, not particularly affected by the alarms of either lady, which he saw were perfectly without cause, endeavoured to dispel them by diverting their attention, and indulging his own peculiar humour. Standing upright in the barouche, he waved his hat, joined the Irish cry, and addressed the multitude with the same

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\* Straw ropes.

air of mingled drollery and affectation he was wont to assume in a circle at Almacks.

"I believe," he said, "I have the honour of addressing the respectable population of Dunore."

An ill-favoured, but intelligent looking man, who was walking with his hand on the carriage door, and who was the identical travelling companion of the pedlar at Lis-na-sleugh, replied—

"We are the Dunore boys, plaze your honor, up the mountains, come down to welcome home the Marchioness."

"Then if you please, I will consider you as the organ of that august body, and beg to know the name of so enlightened a representative," replied Lord Frederick.

"Is it what name I have *upon* me, your honor? I'm called Padreen Gar, for want of a better, Sir. Is yourself

the young Lord, plaze your honor, the Marquis's brother, Sir?"

"I am *a* young Lord, my friend, and *a* Marquis's brother; but not Lord Fitz-adelm, if you mean that."

"It's what I mane shure enough, long life to your Lordship's honor. And is the Marchioness in it, Sir, if you plaze?"

Lord Frederick now gently drew forward. Lady Dunore, who from fits of crying was now convulsed with fits of laughter:

"This, gentlemen," he said, "is your liege chieftainess, the Marchioness of Dunore, the mother of your absent chief, and this fair lady," (drawing forward in her turn the still intimidated Lady Georgina) "is a noble Saxon dame, come among you to encourage your native manufactures. See, gentlemen, she wears an Irish tabinet pellisse! *que voulez vous?* Here too is, the celebrated Mr. Pottenger, the *Balthassar*,

*Castiglione*, or complete courtier, of the Dublin Court, alias, the *ca-astle*. He could make you a bow would astonish you, gentlemen, if he had but room. The delicate task now remains of speaking of myself. I am—I am very sorry for it—a young English lord of the pale, or, perhaps, more properly speaking, and as you must observe, a *pale young English lord*. I would have been Irish, gentlemen, if I had been consulted, but, *c'est un affaire arrangé*, and there's no more to be said on the subject. If you have any interest in a name, not purely Milesian, mine is Eversham, and I have the honour to be in the service of the Irish Lord-Lieutenant, who shortly means to visit this oppressed barony, to redress all your grievances, grant all your petitions, banish proctors, suppress tithes, to permit every man to distill his own *poteen*, and every woman to drink it;—that is, if she pleases: for liberty, gentlemen, liberty is to be the order of

the day ; so, ERIN GO BRACH ! Ireland for ever !”

“ *Erin go brach !*” and “ *Ireland for ever !*” now rent the air, with a thousand “ *long lives*” and “ *successes*” to his Lordship’s honor, and the Marchioness of Dunore. For though not one word of Lord Frederick’s mock address had been understood, even by those who could speak English, and they were the minority, yet the exquisite good humour and gaiety of the speaker had their due effects upon the spirits, alive to every impression of kindness and pleasantry. The joyousness, however, that beamed in every wild countenance, and betrayed itself in every forcible gesture, was soon dispelled ; for the sound of a drum and fife was heard at a distance, and in a few minutes Mr. Crawley, accompanied by his sons, (the two elder and himself in full uniform), and riding at the head of the Dunore yeomanry cavalry, ap-

proached the carriages at a gallop, scattering on every side the bare-footed crowd, which climbed up the mountain's acclivities, and left the captain-commandant and his troop in full possession of the field. They still, however, continued their route along the ridge of the hills, parallel to the cavaleade, where they rolled along like a mass of dark vapour, borne by the evening breeze.

"By Confucius," (exclaimed Lord Frederick, as the Crawleys and their troop approached), "here is the whole armed militia of the celestial empire, led on by the chief mandarin of the province, issuing forth to meet us on our imperial progress, with gongs beating, and colours flying. This is too much! *c'est à mourir de rire!*"

"It is altogether too delightful, too odd," said Lady Dunore, in an ecstasy, who, a few minutes before, with sobs of terror, had pronounced it, "too frightful,

too barbarous." . " Oh, my dear Mr. Crawley, how do you do? This is so very kind of you, so very attentive!" She gave him her hand, which he took off his hat to kiss, and turned aside her head, not to conceal her laugh, but to indulge it. She then recognized Mr. Conway Townsend Crawley, begged to be presented to his brothers, enquired with the utmost appearance of affection for Miss Crawley, spoke with vehemence of the warm feelings of the kind-hearted poor Irish, introduced the Crawleys to her travelling companions, and, meeting Lord Frederick's eye, who was alternately gazing on Mr. Crawley and his sons through his glass, was again seized with a violent fit of laughter, as suddenly checked by a speech from Mr. Crawley to some of the peasantry, who still lingered round the carriages.

" I suppose, my lads," he observed, by no means pleased with her ladyship's commendations of the warm-hearted

poor Irish:—"I suppose there is not one of yez but knows that your district is proclaimed, and that not a man Jack among you but is liable to be shot dead if he's found out of his cabin at nine o'clock."

"The district proclaimed!" repeated Lady Dunore, in a voice of surprise and emotion.

"Shot for being out of their cabins at nine o'clock!" re-echoed Lord Frederick, with a transient gravity.

"Oh, yes, my lord, one wouldn't sleep alive in our beds only for it. Not one among them about the carriage there," he added, in a low confidential tone, "but is a murderer twenty times over and over."

Lady Dunore sunk back in the carriage, and in a voice half inarticulate, said,

"I wish, sweet love, we were safe back in England."

"I wish we were," replied Lady



Georgina, returning the pressure of her friend's hand; while Lord Frederick, who had been the chief cause of the two ladies visiting Ireland, and who felt himself thus indirectly reproached, endeavoured to turn the object of their fears into ridicule; and, pointing to Mount Crawley, which now blazed with lights on the top of its high dark hill, he exclaimed,

“ By all that's luminous, the feast of lanterns! the interior of the celestial empire in a blaze!”

“ I fancy, Lord Frederick, 'tis an illuminated air-balloon,” said Mr. Pottinger. “ We sent up one from the Castle-yard on the occasion of the Jubilee. The Lord-Lieutenant walked that night about the town, accompanied *only* by one aid-de-camp, and one orderly. I had the honour of driving through the streets in one of the vice-regal carriages with the dear little vice-regal children.”

"Memorable events, my Potty!" returned Lord Fredrick, solemnly.

"But, Mr. Crawley, pray explain to us the device of that very brilliant object on the top of yonder hill: is it a temporary edifice?"

"No, my lord, it is nat; it is perennial: for it's my own sate of Mount Crawley; and that part which is lighted up with coloured lamps and transparencies, in honour of her ladyship's arrival, is my Grecian *vesbitule* or portico supported by *cantharides*. Its quite a gem, a perfect *bougie*, in respect of the architecture, I'm tould."

A general burst of half-smothered laughter followed this speech; but Mr. Crawley, wholly occupied with his own description and importance, continued—

"That painting in the front is done by Miss Crawley, and is an *aregerical* device of Lady Dunore, in the character of the horn of plenty, throwing down peace and prosperity on her people.

To the left is the great Wellington, bating the world before him, with a retrospective view of Nelson's pillar: and on the right the Ragent's plume; and the British lion there, like a little dog, trampling down upon Boney-part."

"Crawley, Crawley, thou art mine,

"Crawley, Crawley, I am thine,"

murmured Lord Frederick, in a voice of unrepressed ecstasy. "To live without thee is impossible! to live with thee is death!" and he wiped the tears from his eyes; while Lady Dunore, no longer taking pains to conceal her risibility, said, in a sobbing voice,

"But, my dear Mr. Crawley, if you really live on the top of that mountain, how am I ever to visit you? You might as well expect to get my horses up Mount St. Gothard, or Sierra Leone."

"Why, Lady Dunore, though Mount Crawley looks mighty high, seen here

from the bottom, yet when you are close up to it, 'tis nothing at all of a hill; besides, my new approach from Dunore Town, *if any thing*, has an *incline downwards*."

Lady Dunore, whose hysterical affection had recently taken a tone of risibility, wholly beyond her own control, now absolutely screamed with laughter; while the civil Mr. Pottinger, full of the *respectability* of the Crawley family, and of the excellence of Mr. Crawley's dinners, of which he had often partaken, observed, in a low voice,

"I assure your ladyship, for all his lapsus linguæ, Mr. Crawley of Merrion Square is a most worthy gentleman, and a peculiarly loyal man. He is asked to the private dinners at the castle very frequently, and is a prime favourite with the secretary."

"You don't really pretend, Mr. Pottinger," said Lady Dunore, half haugh-

tily, half laughing, "to tell me *who*, or *what* Mr. Crawley is? He happens to have been the man-of-business-person of my son's family these forty years: he is an excellent creature, to whom we are much indebted; only" (she added laughing violently, and speaking with difficulty,) "I had half forgotten his slip-slop; and never having seen him *sur son terrain*, I find him too delicious, and I do not think I shall be able to live without him a day."

"A day!" exclaimed Lord Frederick—"an hour, a minute. Life I see will now be insupportable, parted from Ching-Foo-Crawley of the yellow button! He is mine henceforth, *par tous les dieux!*"

During this short dialogue, young Crawley was urging his father to withdraw from the side of Lady Dunore's carriage, and permit the party to proceed at a more rapid rate, while he took his place himself, and entered into con-

versation with the marchioness. He had seen with the sensitive quickness of self-love, always on the watch to sustain its own consequence, that the blunders and vulgarity of his father, while they were admirably adapted to amuse the idleness, and feed the love of the ludicrous, incidental to the class with which he was now associated, were likewise throwing, by reflection, a shade of ridicule upon the whole family; and having succeeded in removing him, he endeavoured to efface the impression of old Crawley's folly by his own intellectual superiority, and his knowledge of persons, whose acquaintance in London were calculated to increase his own consequence. He inquired for ministers, and men high in office, whom he had met at Dunore House, asking for them by their names, and omitting their titles. He told Mr. Pottinger, that he had been made *devilish* ill by their friend the Irish secretary's *bad claret*,

quoted some lines to the rising moon, compared the present state of the southern counties to a slumbering volcano, and then turned the conversation to the Glannacrime election, to speak of the three hundred freeholders of his father and his uncle the commissioner, (who had lately purchased an estate in the county,) all registered in time for the benefit of Lord Adelm, whose absence as yet had produced no ill effect.

"There was no doubt," he added, "that his own, and his father's strenuous exertions, and the influence which his family's *personal* and *estated interest*, carried, would ensure success. The hour of attack was approaching, and he was impatient for its arrival, for it would not fail to be the hour of triumph."

All this *succeeded* with Lady Dunore: it did not wholly fail with her friend Lady Georgina: it produced a whispered remark from Mr. Pottinger, that

young Crawley was a most *talented* fellow, and a particular friend of the secretary.

On the mind of Lord Frederick it impressed the conviction that he was vulgar and presuming; for vulgarity and presumption were qualities readily discernible by the man of fashion and high birth, even though pedantry and affectation might escape him.

The splendid cavalcade at last arrived before the turretted gates of the castle of Dunore; and as the carriages rolled over the pavement of the gloomy court, and the tenants of the old rookery in the rear of the castle screamed their disapprobation of the unusual intrusion, Lady Dunore's susceptible spirits again sunk from their high-wound pitch.

"God send us safe out of this wild country," said her ladyship, with a deep sigh.

"Amen," said young Crawley most emphatically.



"Amen," repeated Lord Frederick, most theatrically ; adding,

"The raven himself is hoarse,  
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my battlements."

"Good heavens," exclaimed Lady Dunore, "how can you, Lord Frederick! *you* too, who were in part the cause of bringing me here, with your ridiculous accounts of the "celestial empire," and your 'chop mandarins,' that made me die with laughter in London, but are a monstrous dull set out, here!"

The carriages stopped before the last gate; and the lights flashed full upon "*God's providence is my inheritance.*" Lord Frederick read aloud the inscription with solemn emphasis: the ladies alighted, and Miss Crawley appeared in the centre of the dark oak hall, to welcome them to the castle, and to avail herself at once of the immunity which had elevated her to the enviable station of *Dame du Palais*.

Lady Dunore, who had seen her twice in London, and had received an hundred pretty notes and paper presents from her, was, notwithstanding this basis of intimacy, on the point of addressing her as the housekeeper, when Conway Crawley, anticipating, perhaps, the probable mistake, stepped up to obviate it, by presenting his aunt in form, as one "equally willing and capable of being useful to her ladyship, in a place where all *must* be to her new and strange." The sliding, smiling, devoted, and reverential manner of Miss Crawley, all homage, zeal, and humility, decided at once a strong prepossession in her favour; and Lady Dunore, familiarly taking her arm, as the party proceeded to the saloon, left the rest to follow as they might, observed,

"My dear Miss Crawley, I must throw myself entirely on your kindness. I am afraid I shall be monstrous unpo-

pular here: I do not at all know what is to be done with your Irish folk: you understand I am expiring to be popular, and get Fitzadelm his election; I suppose there is nothing, absolutely nothing, in this old castle. Poor Dunore, I believe, only sent over a table service for a petit couvert, and the batterie de cuisine; but you can borrow plate anywhere, can't you, my dear Miss Crawley, for our election dinners? And then we must have cups and saucers, and cut glass and things for the country ladies. Somebody told me they are very particular in Ireland about those sort of machines. I am the plainest person in the world myself. I don't care in the least if I eat off yellow delf: I can put up with any thing, only let me have plenty of lamps and loungers. But, oh! the misery of these chairs, where one must sit bolt upright! This is all poor Dunore's doing, when he would have every thing Gothic. Georgy, love, we shall

get the lumbago. By the bye, my dear Miss Crawley, have you any doctors, or things of that kind here? I take it for granted you know that we must put up with every sort of misery and inconvenience; but I am myself equal to any thing. Heavens! here's an old French parquet, and no carpet. Good God! is it possible to image such a thing in the nineteenth century! My dear Miss Crawley, do make me out something to put under my feet. I don't care the very least in the world what it is; a bit of Turkey carpet, or a Merino wool rug, or a bear skin, or any thing that is soft and warm you know: Heneage, will you just inquire for a couvre-pied, that is lying loose somewhere in the carriage; or one of my doe-skin travelling blankets: any thing, no matter what. You know I don't care in the least, provided I have something under my feet."

Mr. Heneage arose to obey, but the

announce of dinner, ordered by Lady Dunore to be ready at nine o'clock, obliged the party to retire, and make some change in their dress, before they sat down to table: meantime the Crawleys took their leave, though pressed to stay by Lady Dunore; but they pleaded in excuse the disturbed state of the country, and the danger of being out after nine: Lady Dunore only replied, with a deep sigh; and when Miss Crawley's carriage was announced, she observed,

“Well, I hope you will muster as strong about me as possible, and remember you all dine here to-morrow: and Miss Crawley, you will come over early in the morning. You know I am altogether in *terra incognita*.”

Miss Crawley readily complied with this summons; hinting, however, that she was just then occupied with a family party, who would remain a day or two at Mount Crawley, and thus

getting her two younger brother's families included in the dinner invitation already given.

The cognizance and device assigned to Lady Dunore, by the fanciful gallantry of Lord Frederick, was a branch of the orange tree in fruit and flower, with the motto *Le fruit ne fait pas tomber la fleur*; and her fine person, even at forty-five, was an illustration of the emblem. Time indeed had faded some tints, and effaced some lineaments of loveliness, which no care, no art, could rescue from his touch; yet still she had preserved her claims to personal admiration, which were not suffered to lie idle for want of being asserted.— But if Lady Dunore's personal charms had slightly suffered from the effects of years, her character had submitted so little to their influence, that she preserved to senility all the incoherence and unregulated feeling which had distinguished her youth; and was still as

fresh in folly and inexperience, as when at the age of eighteen she had eloped from a window by a ladder of ropes, though the hall door was free of egress, to marry the Honourable Gerald Fitzadelm, the insolvent and younger brother of a ruined Irish peer. The beautiful person and insinuating manners of Mr. Fitzadelm might have had their due influence; but the circumstance which had decided the sole heiress of eighteen thousand a-year to elope with one, alike lost to character and fortune, was, that her father, the old eccentric Earl of L. had declared he would rather give his only daughter to an English highwayman than to an Irish peer. Two days after, Lady Emily de Vere was on her way to Scotland, with the last Irishman, or rather the last man, that a prudent father would wish to become the husband of his daughter.

Brought up in boundless indul-

gence, free as the winds, which she resembled in violence and instability, compliance had become to her satiety, and opposition enjoyment. The *besoin de sentir* was her disease; and excitement, whether a pleasure or pain, was necessary to her existence. Habit and time increased the demand for a variable series of sensations; and her wanton opposition to her father's will was the brief abstract of her subsequent life.

The Earl of L. had married an Irish lady of singular beauty and attraction. His violence bordering on insanity, his eccentricity and humour drove her to despondency, and then to error. She was frail, divorced, remarried to the object of her imprudent passion, an Irishman, and intailed for ever after the hatred of her first husband upon a country he had never visited. The prejudices of Lord L. were passions; his passions had the durability of principles. He vowed



never to see his daughter, and he died with his vow unbroken, leaving a singular will of a few lines, in which he bequeathed to her his whole fortune, with the proviso that she should neither touch principal nor interest during her husband's life. At her death it was to go to her second child; and from him, if he died without issue, to a remote connexion.

Love had no share in the union of Lord Fitzadelm with the self-willed heiress of the house of L. and cupidity, thus disappointed, retaliated its mortification on its imprudent victim. Lady Emily, in all the humiliating privations of indigent rank, and all the vicissitudes of a gamester's fortunes, led a life more consonant to her unregulated character than favourable to her happiness. The remote chance of a succession to the Dunore property and title enabled Lord Fitzadelm to raise money from credulous usury; and with

such sums, the emoluments of a sinecure place under government, and occasional successes at the gaming-table, they were enabled to support an existence, which frequently touched upon the extremes of fortune, sometimes endured in a prison, sometimes enjoyed in a palace, until a bankrupt credit in England drove them, after a struggle of fifteen years, into an economical retreat in Italy. The ravages of an hereditary disease in the elder branch of the house of Fitzadelm, gradually brought her husband nearer to the goal of his long-cherished hopes. The succession was the die upon which Lord Fitzadelm had staked his fraternal feelings, his honour, and almost his life; and when he was upon the point of obtaining the object of sacrifices, never to be remunerated by any worldly good, death snatched him from its enjoyment. The old Marquis of Dunore, his remote kinsman, having followed his son and his grandsons to

the grave, survived his ambitious heir, Baron Gerald Fitzadelm, by some years.

By her husband's death, Lady Emily was at last relieved from a precarious existence, and restored to that immense fortune, of which the continuance of his life had so long deprived her.

At the head of this princely property, and mother to the heir presumptive of the Marquis of Dunore, she beheld herself possessed of the disposal of three voices in the senate, at a moment when even the echo of a voice had its price, when the British House of Commons was considered by the ministry as a market where the barter of independence was openly to be carried on. To this actual interest, Lady Emily added the chance of an influence over the political opinions of her son and his boroughs; and she became at once an object of anxious solicitude to ministerial intrigue and political cupidity. One member of the cabinet proposed marrying her on the

death of his wife, whose life was limited to a fixed day by her physicians; another solicited her for his brother, and a third had a daughter for her eldest son, and a niece for her youngest, in whom her boroughs would vest at her death. Thus suddenly raised to the summit of political consideration, she found no difficulty, on her son's succession to the marquisate, in obtaining for herself and younger child the rank of a marquis's wife and son. Thus equally high in the gay and diplomatic circles, she became queen at arms in the world of fashion, presided despotically over its heraldry, bestowed or rejected claims to notoriety at pleasure, and was at the head of that small exclusive class of women, who, in London, hold in their own hands the keys of the paradise of vogue, and give or withdraw the patent of bon-ton, as whim, taste, passion, or prejudice decide.

Power and influence, while they in-

creased all the virulent and domineering qualities of her natural character, were not calculated to satisfy that craving for excitement which the vicissitudes of her former life had contributed to beget. In the midst of boundless prosperity she became therefore a hunter after afflictions, and was a *woe-fancier*, as she had been a borough and a china fancier, from mere caprice. She had passed her days in a sort of intermittent fever; and when intervals of rational conduct did occur, they were but pauses of exhaustion between the paroxysms of her disease. Her language and her character became alike volcanic: all was eruption and explosion, or darkness and silence; she felt and acted *par accés*; her laugh was a convulsion, her tears hysterics; and her property and her affairs, partaking of the disorder of her character, set regularity so far at defiance, that her stewards and agents, like harlequin in the comedy, had usually their orders in

one pocket, and their counter-orders in the other.

While the ministers succeeded to their fullest desire with the mother, who gave them up her votes, and talked more nonsense in their favour *out* of the house than their most approved and long-winded disciples could deliver within its walls, the sons (who were assailed, even before they were of age, by all the undermining arts which power exerts to seduce where it cannot convince, and to attain by numbers what it wants in efficiency) were found wholly untractable. Self-willed and perverse as their mother, their obliquity had taken another direction: they laughed at her politics, and held those from whom she received them in utter contempt. It was curious also to observe the family temperament breaking out in a third generation; and what had been violence, bordering on insanity, in the grandfather, exaggeration of feeling, even to

childishness in the mother, terminating in absolute madness in the elder son, and betraying itself in the younger in a brilliancy but eccentricity of genius that was tinctured by all the wildness, oddity, and irregularity of the family inflection. The young Lord Dunore had not long enjoyed his new honours, when it was found necessary to put him under strict confinement; and his mother had the interest to get herself appointed his representative and sole guardian.

Lord Adelm Fitzadelm, the object of all her solicitude, and of whatever she possessed of maternal affection, still held his supremacy by his opposition to her will. Dependent during his life upon her bounty, he turned even his dependence into a tyranny. His extravagant demands upon her purse gave occasion for that resistance and complaint which now formed the principal good of her too prosperous existence. His opposition to all her political ambition

in his favour, his refusing a seat in the house, and an office at court, were sources of eternal reproach, increasing her artificial stock of

“ Unheedful passions, and unfruitful woes;”

and while his frequent absences from England, his eccentricities, and his extravagance, afforded her a constant supply of delightful misery, he became necessary to her existence in proportion as he tormented it: and had he been more amenable to her will, he would have been less dear to her affections.

Lord Adelm Fitzadelm, who went wrong by system, and right by impulse, wanted only the spur of necessity to have become super-eminent in whatever direction his talent might have taken. But fortune had spoiled all that would have been a counter-balance to a morbid temperament. Without occupation, contemning the strenuous idleness of official inefficiency, as he



despised the political system which might have devoted him to it, he gave himself up without reluctance to his natural disposition. Indolent and meditative, at once subtle and fanciful, he possessed the acuteness and querulousness of melancholy, without its causes. The victim of a metaphysical hypochondriasis, he indulged in every species of eccentricity, and was gratified by the singular reputation it acquired for him, where dulness and apathy, mediocrity and moderation, formed the prevailing characteristics of his less gifted cotemporaries. Vain and capricious, but high-spirited and liberal, the shadows of his faults, like those of evening, fell with a breadth disproportionate to the objects which projected them, and were spread far and wide before the world's gaze; while his merits, like the rays of light collected on a focus, were circumscribed within the narrow circle of intimacy, where

they burned brightly in proportion to their concentration. He had made the world the confidant of his errors, and was almost jealous of the friend who acknowledged that he had discovered his virtues.

Lord Adelm was in Portugal in the pursuit of some object of dominant caprice, when a communication was made to the Marchioness of Dunore through Mr. Crawley, from the loyal corporation of Glannacrime, of their wish that she should set up her youngest son for that borough, on the demise of their last member, and in opposition to the family of O'Mahonnev, notorious whigs, and supported by the independent interest. Lady Dunore, by the advice of her ministerial friends, acceded to this request, and while her unconscious son was wooing the muse of Camoens, in the shades of Coimbra, she determined to have him placed in nomination for the vacant borough. Thus

would he have been kidnapped into the representation of this borough (for his mother preserved a profound silence on the subject, and kept it out of the English papers), but for a letter he received, containing a few lines, without name or date, but with an English postmark, which informed him of the whole intrigue. This letter had nothing singular about it but the motto of the seal, which was Portuguese, and was "*Sou utile ainda que briccando.*"\*

The friends or acquaintances of the Marchioness of Dunore were composed of such persons as are usually found following the great to their temporary retreats, from what is designated *the world*; and were picked up by accident, chosen by caprice, or tolerated from necessity. Her dear friend and quondam rival (*selon les règles*), Lady Georgina Vivian, was a person of high rank and moderate fortune, one of the supreme

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\* I am useful even when sportive.

exclusives of the supreme bon-ton. With a character vibrating between sentiment and libertinism, refined in her manners, free in her conduct, she had already replaced the bloom of youth by the complaisance of experience, and secured an ascendancy over the *amour-propre* of her male friends, which brighter charms in vain disputed. Acting with desperation against the world's rules, she obtained by her address its suffrages and sanction; and with an air

“silent and soft as saints removed to heaven,”

she had the courage to venture beyond those barriers of discretion, which others of freer deportment trembled to approach.

The character and appearance of Lady Georgina formed opposite extremes. Her conversation was a murmur, her look simplicity, her manner naïveté. She coquetted through a series of attitudes with her lovely children,

and talked of poor dear Vivian, whom she had left at home in the grout, with a tone so tender, that it was difficult to decide how 'so fond a mother, and so devoted a wife could live without the objects of her affection. A letter received by her ladyship from Lord Frederick Eversham, who, on his recent return to England, had been appointed first aid-de-camp to the Irish Lord-Lieutenant, had been shewn by her to Lady Dunore. This letter contained a most overcharged and ludicrous description of the country, from which Lord Frederick derived a salary, very acceptable to the younger brother of one of the poorest dukes in Great Britain. But most of all, his descriptive ridicule rested upon the little court of which he formed a part, and on the government, out of whose arrangements his sinecure originated. He had visited many courts; was familiar with princes, and known to monarchs; he

had fought in the field with emperors, and done the honours for sovereigns : a court without a government, a representative of majesty without power, patronage, or influence, seemed therefore to him an incongruous combination ; while the solemn trifling formalities, in which he was himself officially involved, afforded him endless amusement. The whole recalled to him something he had heard or read of the formal puerilities which distinguish the government and court of China ; and from the moment he discovered the similitude, Ireland was to him the *celestial* empire, the castle of Dublin, \* TIEN SING, or the HEAVENLY SPOT ; and secretaries, chiefs, and subs, aides-de-camp, and officers of the household, were *chop-mandarins* of every coloured button in the prismatic scale.

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\* The castle is the residence of the Lord-Lieutenant. From this " heavenly spot," all that is good and great is supposed to emanate.

The letter of Lord Frederick, which promised amusement, the epistles of the Crawleys, which threatened dangers, a dead season, hatred of watering places, an offer from Lady Emily to accompany her friend, a promise from Lord Frederick to compose a party, *faite à ravir* for Dunore Castle, combined to fix the wavering intentions of Lady Dunore. She had a few weeks before given up all idea of attending the election; and her new orders, issued with the promptitude of lightning, and executed with equal celerity, enabled her to reach Dublin before she could find leisure to inform Mr. Crawley that she had changed her mind, and meant to visit Ireland.

The party promised by Lord Frederick to dissipate the ennui of Lady Dunore, consisted of Mr. Heneage, a young Englishman of fashion, and brother aid-de-camp, and a *Mister* Pottinger, whom Lord Frederick had de-

scribed in his letter as "the Baldassar Castiglione, the *Cortegiano* of the Irish court, the very representative of its insignificance, formality, and obsequiousness to all the powers that be." To call forth the results of these qualities had indeed been the principal amusement of Lord Frederick's life, since his arrival in Ireland; while Mr. Pottinger, proud of being distinguished by any great man, looked up to the brother of a duke with a deference, which no consciousness of Lord Frederick's ridicule ever disturbed.

During nine months of the year there is nothing to do at the Irish court; and the office of viceroy, which costs the country near sixty thousand pounds per annum, would be a mere sinecure, but for the necessity of giving half a dozen dinners, and half a dozen balls during the short season of the Dublin winter. Mr. Pottinger and the aid-de-camps were therefore readily spared from the



*park*; and, invited by Lady Dunore, through Lord Frederick, they were charmed to accompany her ladyship to the south of Ireland.

Mr. Heneage was of the rising order of *dull dandies*: he had just sufficient volition to choose his calling, and sufficient energy to iron the cravat that indicated it: he spoke little, because he had nothing to say, and would have spoken less, had it been possible in the necessary intercourse of life to use fewer words; for he believed, that to be truly fine, one should not speak at all. His dandy aphorism was, that every lady should be her own link-boy; and his dandy system was to suffer her to be so. In Dublin he looked down upon the dawning dandyism of the aspiring natives; and in Dublin, as in London, he looked up to Lord Frederick Eversham, as the *arbiter elegantiarum* of that system, of which his own particular sect was but a subaltern

branch, suited to inferior spirits, and accommodated to their subordinate capacities. Lord Frederick, though a *young* man, was a *dowager* dandy, and among the original founders of that now degenerate and declining order. Great tact, savoir vivre and humour had distinguished his early probation; when to be a dandy it was requisite to be something more than a coxcomb. Two years residence at Paris (where, as a prisoner of war on patrol, he had been the *delices* of every fashionable circle) had confirmed him a *merveilleux*; and he now so pleasantly mingled the fopperies of his home vocation and foreign calling, that it was difficult to say, whether ST. JAMES'S STREET, or the CHAUSSEE D'ANTIN, had the fairest claim to his peculiarities: he had fought *against* France with a spirit and desperation that would have raised trophies to his fame, had he been a military chief, instead of a subaltern; but he

loved her gaiety, her graces, and her language, with a passion that bordered upon prejudice. He had just returned from his delightful imprisonment, exclaiming with Petrarch, "I am free—but I am wretched;" and was too much embued with the spirit and grace of French foppery, not to contrast it with the dulness, silence, reserve, and cox-comical pedantry of the new sect of dandies, that had sprung up in his absence: for the rest, Lord Frederick was one

" Whom folly pleases, and whose follies  
please,"

who almost dignified vanity, and rendered affectation supportable by the good sense and good feeling, which, in spite of his efforts to conceal both, formed the basis of his character. In gallantry, "*aimer en courant*" was his device; and it was literally *en courant* from Dover to Dublin, (where

his new appointment awaited him,) that he dropped into the opera, saw Lady Emily Vivian in Lady Dunore's box, found or fancied in her what he called "the *delicious laissez aller* ease of a charming French woman;" and after a few days devoted *aux petit soins*, left London in love and in despair: in Dublin he viewed every thing in a distorted point of view, and wrote that pleasant and ludicrous letter to Lady Emily, complaining of his exile to the CELESTIAL EMPIRE, and describing the ceremonies of the *yellow skreen*, and castle Ko-tou, which had finally effected the existing arrangements at the castle of Dunore.

Lord Rosbrin, who did not arrive with this party, "*faute à venir*," but who was to join it from his seat in the neighbourhood, was a foolish-looking young man, whose vacant countenance seemed to beg Macbeth's question of

"Where got'st thou that gosse look?"

He was born and educated in England: his vast property lay in the south of Ireland; and his first visit to that country was for the purpose of enlisting himself into the service of the Kilkenny theatricals, where his rank not obtaining for him a high cast of parts, he was contented to exhibit himself as one of Macheath's gang, and to appear in the character of mutes, senators, generals, and "*others.*"

The intellectual capabilities of Lord Rosbrin went further towards overturning the doctrine of innate ideas than all Locke has written on the subject; without, however, affording much testimony in favour of *ideas acquired*.—His mind was a tablet, upon which memory, the genius of fools, had made some traces; and upon this stock of tag-rag recollections, collected from play-books, he had traded through life, without any one calling into question his property in the possession. Vain, in

proportion as he was weak, his dramatic vocation had arisen from the applause bestowed upon his recitations, when a child, a noble infant Roscius, and the blue and silver draperies in which he had played Ariel at a private theatre, decided his calling for life: from that moment, to him "all the world was a stage,

"And all the men and women merely players."

His mind was stored with theatrical associations, stage-properties, and stage-anecdotes; scraps of Shakespeare, and silver spangles, with prologues, epilogues, tags, and clap-traps, daggers, cups, and processions;

"Peers, heralds, bishops, ermine, gold and lawn,"

leaving him little better than a walking prompter's book. While Lord Rosbrin only ambitioned the first cast of parts in the theatre he was building at Kil-

rosbrin, he looked down upon all senates, but that in Othello; and preferring the potent, grave, and reverend signors of Venice, to the potent, grave, and reverend signors of St. Stephen's: he threw his Irish boroughs into the hands of a political stock-jobber, who dabbled so successfully for him in the funds of ministerial influence, that from a mere Irish baronet, he in a few years became baron, viscount, and Earl of Rosbrin of Kilrosbrin in Ireland, and Mount Wareham in England.

To meet this party, Lady Dunore had sent from Dublin a most pressing invitation to her maternal uncle, the Right Honorable Hyacinth Daly, of Daly's Court, in the province of Connaught; who obeyed the summons with such alacrity, that he was seated at his niece's toilette the day after her arrival at the castle. He loved her for her mother's sake, whose frailty and misfortunes had substituted pity for the

resentment which had risked his life in a duel with her betrayer. Mr. Daly, now in his 70th year, of an ancient Irish family, which, for two centuries, had represented their native county, a privy-councillor of forty years standing, and one of the small minority which went out on the occasion of the Union, was in person, character, and manners, a genuine epitome of the ancient Irish gentleman. He preserved, even at his advanced age, that species of chivalrous gallantry in his manners, which not long since distinguished the gentry of the country, and which sent them forth to foreign courts, the most accomplished cavaliers of their day, or as a monarch, who was himself a fine gentleman, named them, "*the finest gentlemen in Europe.*" Time, which had shed its snows on the venerable head of Hyacinth Daly, had not 'thinned his flowing hair,' which he still wore dressed with infinite care, and precisely as the



had worn it forty-four years before, when he first took his place in the Irish House of Commons. This luxuriant coiffure raised itself above a forehead unfurrowed and fair as the brow of youth, and strongly contrasted with eyes and eyebrows, dark, and unchanged in hue or lustre. The beautiful person of Mr. Daly, and it was genuine Irish beauty, had, like his spirits, retained much of its freshness and vigour; and nothing seemed changed by time, but those hopes, with which he had entered life, and which had the independence of his country for their object.

Mr. Daly had distinguished himself in the House of Commons, in the memorable year 1782, when Ireland for a moment was a nation, and had kept his noble mansion in Dublin until the Union: then, having followed the liberties of his country from their cradle to their tomb, he retired for ever from the scene of their ruin; spent his winter

in London, and his summer at Daly's Court, and never saw the capital, but to pass through it for the purpose of crossing the Channel. His mansion in Dublin, now a barrack, had been open to all the rank, talent, and worth of the land. There all that has been flatteringly said of the genius, spirit, and gaiety of the Irish character, was realized in its circles: there he had lived with the Charlemonts, the Burghs, the Grattans, the Currans, the Floods: there many a beauty, who had afterwards added splendor to the galaxy of British loveliness, had impeded her wing for conquest; the Gunning, Munroe, or Birmingham, of her day.—With such recollections, brightening as they passed through his memory, Mr. Daly was little fitted to sit down in the fallen capital of his country, under the overshadowing supremacy of cold formal boy politicians, who bring nothing into the land for all they take out of it; and of official clerks,

who, like ill-thriven weeds, impoverish the soil, out of whose waste they have sprung. Mr. Daly's arguments in favour of absenteeism were many and ingenious; and it is melancholy to add, that they were not only founded in truth, but in genuine and indignant patriotism.

## CHAPTER IV.

La noblesse, de soi, est bonne ; c'est une chose considerable assurément ; mais elle est accompagnée de tant de mauvaises circonstances, qu'il est tres bon de ne pas *s'y frotter*.——

GEORGE DANDIN.

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THE time, thoughts, and feelings of Lady Dunore, on the day after her arrival, were wholly engrossed by the three leading members of the Crawley family, whom she had received in her dressing-room after breakfast.

The elder Crawley overwhelmed her with manorial business, plunged her in all the endless details of rents and roads, leases and fines ; bills, parchments, and accounts ; till her eyes were dazzled with figures, and her head ran round with fatigue. The business, upon which she had at first entered with eagerness, as being new, and out of her

way, became intolerably wearisome, and insupportably disgusting in its progress. Throwing from her therefore a pile of papers, with which Mr. Crawley had heaped her table, she exclaimed in a tone of exhaustion,

“There, Mr. Crawley, I can hold out no longer; pray remove these horrors from my sight, if you wish me to live. You are the best judge of what is for my son’s interest. You have always been active in our service. Only we want money to carry on the war, observe; for you Irish are always dreadfully in arrears, at least so our English agent tells me; and in fact, Mr. Crawley, we must get our rents better paid. For the rest, if you wish me to remain among you another week, never overwhelm me again in this way. I would rather,” she added, gradually working herself into a fever of annoyance, “I would rather be mistress of an Irish cabin, and live upon your Irish potatoes

and butter-milk, than submit to this, Mr. Crawley; and if *this* is the tax upon Irish property, give me back the '*far niente*' of my Italian indigence, where, when one enjoyed the climate, one enjoyed every thing; and when time, patience, temper, pleasure, and health, were not sacrificed for leave to live in a melancholy old castle, on a savage sea-coast, at the head of a beggarly town, amidst clouds and storms, and among people, who, as Mr. Conway says, even when quiet, may be compared to a slumbering volcano."

Old Crawley, with a mingled look of obsequiousness and humour, thus attaining his point, swept up all his papers and parchments into his green bag, and was succeeded by the law agent for the election, who, in his turn, poured forth a tirade of invectives against the whiggish O'Mahonneys, whom he represented as sturdy opponents of the present order of things, and as inflaming the minds of the

people for their own private ends. He spoke of strengthening the hands of her ladyship's ministerial friends, talked jocosely of "*we the corruptionists*," paraded, with great pomp of words, his electioneering schemes, detailed his wonderful successes, and went through a general account of the large sums which had already been lavished in the prosecution of the cause.

To this specimen of his business talents, he contrived to mingle some smart jokes, and good points, drew forth his "*little equipage of wit*," dealed largely in quotations, poetical and French scraps, and rounded off his peroration with a well-timed, well-placed, and well-received flattery, offered to the rank, political importance, and even personal attraction, of his noble patroness.

"Well," interrupted Lady Dunore, yawning, as he attempted to return to some detail of the freeholders lately

registered; "well, for the present that will do, Mr. Conway, but spare me the *refrain* of the *eternal* election. You have managed so well, that I think we may promise ourselves a dull kind of success enough. It would set one wild if Fitzadalm should come over and spoil all though, and refuse the borough, after so much money has been spent upon it." And she added, with a look that indicated it would *not* be an unpleasant thing if he did, "but there is no chance of that, and so things will go on sleepily enough; and I don't think I need go to catch one of your Irish typhuses, that you describe so frightfully, by personally canvassing your greasy corporation people of Glannaerime. So I leave it all to you, Mr. Conway, only just don't let us say any more upon the subject now. But, oh dear, Miss Crawley, what pretty thing are you making out of that scrap of *couleur-de-rose* note paper? *Couleur-de-rose* is such



a relief to the eye after yellow parchments."

"It is an invisible fly-trap, Madam, to catch the little epicures who come to feast upon hands, which, as Cleopatra says, 'kings have lipped,'" replied Miss Crawley with an insinuating smile.

Miss Crawley, with scissors and cut-paper, now succeeded in her turn to her brother and nephew: but pink paper, like yellow parchments, and fly-traps, as well as elections, were soon destined rapidly to wear out the attention of Lady Dunore; and Miss Crawley had recourse to the castle, of which she voted herself the Cicerone, to revive her flagging interest, and to engross her ladyship to herself for the rest of the day. In the course of two hours they had mounted to the highest turret, descended into the deepest dungeon, penetrated the darkest closet, stood exposed upon the rudest battlement, talked of ghosts and rebels, balls and

insurrections, marked out alterations and improvements, ramparts to be thrown down, and verandas to be raised, swans to be procured, and ponds to be cut for them, the sea to be banked out, and rivers to be turned in, families to be excluded, and families to be admitted; with some discussions upon evangelical schools, some quotations from evangelical tracts, and many, very many, soft, insinuating, penetrating compliments from the diplomatic Miss Crawley on the reform, which the power, influence, rank, talents, and virtues, of Lady Dunore might effect in a dark, unfortunate, and bewildered people.

Reform, with Lady Dunore, meant change; change was always delightful; and for the present so was Miss Crawley, who indicated its possibility, and who had already awakened so strong a prepossession in her intended neophyte, that Lady Dunore would not part with

her, to return to Mount Crawley to dress for dinner, till she had promised, that as soon as her family visitors should leave her, she would come and take up her residence at Dunore. The male Crawleys had fatigued with their facts, the *female* had amused with her speculations; both served their own purposes, while they played with her feebleness and caprice: and as Miss Crawley drove off from the castle in her jaunting car, she mentally exclaimed, with triumph, "*Dame du Palais indeed!* and now let Lady Clancare look to it."

The fashionable guests at Dunore Castle had not met till the idle half-hour before dinner assembled them in the saloon, into which they straggled one by one. Mr. Pottinger was engaged with Debret's Peerage, Mr. Heneage with his cravat, and Lady Georgina in winding gold thread from an ivory reel, held by Lord Frederick, who lay lounging beside her on an ottoman, when the

whole house of Crawley, male and female, were announced en masse, and made their entrée together. The men were in inky suits of professional black, save the major, who was all scarlet and orders. The ladies were covered with Honiton lace, and Irish diamonds. The four tawny Miss Crawleys were beflounced and befurbelowed, knee deep; and Miss Leslie dragged up her gown on her fat white shoulders, as she entered, with a look of innocent effrontery that might put even fashionable ease to the blush of inferiority.

This "*incursion of the Kalmucks*," as Lord Frederick termed it, seemed to afford him strong motives for amazement and delight. He, dropped the ivory reel, seized his glass, and murmured his observations to Lady Georgina, who seemed no less amused than himself, while, according to precedence, precise and formal, they passed up to the top of the room, where Mr. Pot-

tinger, with his old habits of ceremony, stood receiving them in the absence of Lady Dunore, the Lady-Lieutenant of the hour. The eldest Miss Crawley, who had for the day amalgamated her high-church Methodist costume, with the pastoral simplicity of a white chip hat and primrose ribbands (a sacrifice to the genius of the place where she now found herself), was the first, as proudly pre-eminent in ridicule, to attract his attention; and he asked Lady Georgina, whose spy-glass followed the direction of his own:

“Now, in pity, who is that *Bergere derangée*, so withered and so wild in her attire?—the oldest piece of mortality, surely, that ever took shelter under a white chip hat! *Cela a cent ans sonnés!* not an hour less! and then the matron, with the green necklace and the green eyes, set apparently by the same hand. And those four little ‘tawny tight ones,’ and the fat pretty rolly polly

soul, with the brogue in her shoulders! *c'est impayable*. But here comes *Ching-foo* Crawley, of the yellow button, at the head of the Chop Mandarins of the interior. I must go and do Ko-tou, and renew my acquaintance with him. No, the whole celestial empire furnishes nothing like my *Ching-foo* Crawley."

While Lord Frederick, with great cordiality, returned the familiar pressure of Mr. Crawley's two hands, who, as he afterwards expressed it to Lady Georgina, was an "*embrasseur impitoyable*," Lady Dunore entered, leaning upon her uncle's arm, flushed and animated by the bustle and excitement of the morning, and by the arrival of her venerable relation, who was the most welcome of all her guests, because he was *the last*. She received the whole Crawley congress, to many of whom she was a stranger, with an air, imposing from its decided, but carelessly betrayed, consciousness of high superiority; and

which was the more marked, by the exaggerated condescension of her manner and over-wrought cordiality, a cordiality, which, though eminently conciliating, was any thing but familiar.

When the first salutations were over, the Crawley phalanx, "taking close order," ranged into a formal circle, and seated themselves in a row with the regularity of nine-pins, looked as if they were incorporated with their chairs, and remained silent, motionless, and under evident restraint. The women, when called on by Lady Dunore, minced their Irish accent, and spoke in monosyllables to conceal it: the men for the moment were struck dumb by the appearance of the "great Daly of Daly's Court," who was out of their *cast* and *class*, and whom they had never seen at *the castle dinners*. The intermitting fever of Lady Dunore now seized upon her imagination, as she contemplated the group of which she was the restless

centre. The *Crawley circle* was a circle she never could break; the *Crawley dulness* was a dulness she never could dissipate; and while she fluttered and floundered, as if under some spell, she in vain endeavoured to dissolve all restlessness, motion, and ennui. Lord Frederick, seated by Lady Georgina, followed her motions with transport, and whispered to her as she hovered near him:

“*Marquise de mon ame*, that circle is your death-warrant. You die the death of the bored: this day, this fatal day, *je vous en repond, bel idel mio*. Look! 'tis the hieroglyphical circle of eternity! the serpent with his tail in his mouth! an image of the durability of the celestial empire! and the reign of the *Crawley manderins* and *manderinas*, without beginning or end!”

“I won't wait another minute for *Rosbrin*,” said the marchioness, reddening to the eyes, and pulling the bell



with a violence that left its cord in her hands. "I will have dinner directly."

"Wait for Rosbrin!" repeated Mr. Daly: "no, to be sure; nobody waits for Rosbrin. His movements are more likely to be regulated by a prompt-book than a time-keeper; for while your soup cools at Dunore, he is probably 'supping, full of horrors,' at Macbeth's banquet, or flinging a shoulder of mutton at Catherine's head, while your venison drops from the spit."

Dinner was now ordered; and its announce broke the spell of Lady Dunore's torment, by breaking up the Crawley circle;—the consequence she had contemplated in hurrying the event which she believed could alone effect it.

Of all the members of the Crawley family, old Darby, though lowest in professional rank, was the person most at ease with respect to himself, and the circle in which accident might place

him. There was a proud consciousness of native humour about him, which, if it did not enable him to distinguish between being laughed *with*, or laughed *at*, led him to risk himself in all situations; for, save where his worldly interests were concerned, there was an obtuse, inveterate, untractable dulness about him, which left him the most unguarded mark the point of ridicule could aim at. The distinguished attention paid by the marchioness to his family, the desire to *SHEW OFF* before Mr. Daly, and to evince to him the intimacy in which he stood with the Dunore family, now led him to the assumption of a more than ordinary ease and familiarity; and before the marchioness had finished her soup, he addressed her, with—

“If I’m not entirely mistaken, the last time I had the honour of *tête-à-tête*-ing your ladyship in a glass of wine, as the French say, it was at your sweet little

villa of *Sans-six-sous*, near London: and I should be proud if you would allow me the honour of commemorating that pleasure now. I remember some charming Madeira you had at *Sans-six-sous*. What wine does your ladyship choose, Madam?" and he looked in vain for the wine-glaciers of solid silver, which heated rather than cooled the wines of his own table. Miss Crawley had equally in vain whispered 'Sans-souci' during this speech, while Lord Frederick, laying down his spoon with a look little short of ecstasy, called the attention of Lady Dunore, who was debating with Mr. Daly the probability of Lord Rosbin's arrival, by saying,

"Lady Dunore, Mr. Crawley is addressing some little *reminiscence* to your unattending ear, about *Sans-six-sous*, your villa near London."

"I am after requesting your ladyship to drink wine with me, added Mr. Crawley.

“ Oh, willingly ! but I don't drink wine at dinner. I am upon a regimen just now : but I'll take *soda water* to your wine, Mr. Crawley, with all my heart.”

This was an innovation in Mr. Crawley's idea of good-breeding, which threw him entirely off his centre. In his circle, ladies never refused to take wine, whether they wished for it or no : and the circumstance of no wine being upon the table added to his confusion ; when the butler stepping up, and asking what wine he chose, relieved his perplexity, and he answered, “ Port, if you please ;” adding, “ If your ladyship is upon a *regiment*, I should be sorry to make you give up your proscription. So I shall have the honour to drink your ladyship's health, *solus cum solo*.”

“ Thank you, thank you, Mr. Crawley,” said Lady Dunore, laughing unresistingly, while Lord Frederick, wholly

foregoing his soup, ecstasised over the richer feast presented him by Ching-foo Crawley, of the yellow button. Meantime Mr. Crawley repeatedly sipped from his glass with a great variety of expression in his countenance, each indicating disappointment; till at last he bent forward, and with a face of great importance, said,

“Pray, my lady, who do you deal with?”

“Who do I deal with, Mr. Crawley?”

“Yes, Madam: I’d just be glad to know the name of your ladyship’s wine merchant, that’s all.”

“I believe that wine was sent in, two years back by poor Lord Dunore. Is it not so, Robertson?”

“Yes, my lady.”

“Why then, whoever he is, he does not use you well,” returned Crawley, significantly.

"Why, what is the matter? Is the wine bad? Pray taste that wine for me, Mr. Daly."

Mr. Daly having put the glass to his lips, exclaimed, with a look of nausea, "By jove, 'tis catsup."

"I give you my honour," said Crawley, coolly. "I thought it was no great things, no more than the mare that ran for the whiskey; but didn't care to be the first to find fault; for every one to their taste; and I didn't know what might have been the *bon mot* of London in the present day."

"Oh, but you Irishmen are such judges of wine," said Lady Dunore, smiling, "I suppose it is very difficult to please you."

"We were," said Mr. Daly, "before the introduction of that coarse, vulgar beverage, *port*, at our tables, which the severe taxation at present obliges us to drink. In my time, every gentleman

imported his own claret, which he drank out of the wood; and they tapped a hogshead of French wine as we now broach a barrel of small-beer. I remember when I first prohibited wine at the second table at Daly's Court, it caused a mutiny; and I was obliged to promote the livery servants to the steward's room; and discharge the upper servants, who would not consent to drink punch after dinner. But if our present draining system of taxation continues, I must soon come to whiskey punch myself; for we poor private gentlemen, who have nothing but our estates to live on, which, like the country, are daily losing in their intrinsic value, must give up our habits before the means of supporting them give us up; and so make a virtue of necessity."

"It is however to that very taxation," said young Crawley, pertly, "together with other measures of equal wisdom of

his Majesty's ministers, that *we owe our present prosperity.*"

"Exactly," said Mr. Daly, dryly.

"Exactly," in an emphatic tone, reiterated every member of the Crawley family; while the commissioner made a speech upon the flourishing state of the revenue, and concluded with asking Lady Georgina to take wine. Lady Dunore taking the hint of drinking wine, whispered Lord Frederick—

"Now pray do the honours, and help me on, or I shall never hold out."

"No, no—now, pray," said Lord Frederick, "it is not in my way. Heneage always drinks wine with the young ladies at the castle, as youngest aid-de-camp."

Mr. Heneage, thus called on, pointed his spy-glass round the table to observe who was worthy of the distinction, and at last sent the butler to Miss Leslie, who sat within two of him; and then lean-



ing back in his chair, and suffering his own man to fill his glass, instead of bending forward to meet the accustomed inclination of the head of the fair person he had challenged, he simply asked the servant, "Wilkie, does she bow?" and being answered in the affirmative by his cup-bearer, he drew his chin within his impregnable citadel of starched muslin, and again gave up his attention to his Bechamelle. The first course was still removing, when the attention of the whole company was attracted to the windows by a curious sort of vehicle—a chaise-marine, covered with a canvass awning, gaudily painted with dramatic trophies, cups, daggers, and masks, surmounted by a scarlet flag, and drawn by four horses, with bells and shewy harness, driven by two boys, in English waggoners' frocks, and straw hats with green ribbands, resembling the carter's, formerly produced on the stage in *Love in a Village*.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the startled, and therefore delighted Lady Dunore, "what is that?"

Every body rose from their seats, and Mr. Daly observed,

"That! that's Lord Rosbrin's thespian car, as he calls it, which he brings every where with him in Ireland, and which is freighted with theatrical paraphernalia."

"Is he so stage-struck as that?" asked Lady Dunore of her uncle.

"He asserts that he is so, upon political and national principles. Haven't you heard of his new system of civilizing Ireland, by establishing dramatic encampments, and opening private theatres in the remote counties, as we found schools, drain bogs, or cut roads through the mountains, for the public good?"

"Do you know, that I think his scheme excellent," said Lady Dunore, who, like the maitresse du tripot of Scarron, *'aimoit la comedie plus que*

\* *sermon ou Vêpres,* "and I promise you he shall have my hearty concurrence. I will have one of the turrets turned into a theatre immediately.

A chariot and four, with out-riders, now passed the windows.

"Here is Rosbrin himself," said Mr. Daly; and at Lady Dunore's desire he went forth to receive his grand-nephew. Lord Rosbrin soon appeared, following his venerable kinsman, on whose countenance a good-humoured ridicule was visibly marked. His lordship had made his toilette at the last stage, and presented himself to the delighted and astonished eyes of the Crawley ladies in the singular and elegant costume of an Austrian chasseur: his belt, studded with mock stones, his embroidered pelisse, his yellow boots, and waving plumage, produced all the sensation he expected on those who had never seen him before, and even on those who had. After a moment's pause, he advanced; and having paid his respects to Lady

Dunore with a theatrical air, he turned alternately to Lord Frederick and Mr. Heneage, giving a hand to each, with "Great Glamis! Worthy Cawdor!" then bowing round the table, solemnly pronounced—"Now good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both," and took his place by his fair hostess and cousin.

"You seem out of spirits, Rosbrin," said Lady Dunore, observing the short incoherent answers he gave to some questions put to him by some of the company.

"I care not for my spirits," he answered in the words of Celia, "if my legs were not weary. But I pray you bear with me, gentle coz."

"Bear with you! Why what is the matter?" asked Mr. Daly.

"Nay, mine uncle Clarence, nothing of moment; but I have been fagging to death to get my theatre up at Kil-Rosbrin against November. We open with Macbeth; an amazing strong cast:

great tragedy forces. I mean to play Lady Macbeth myself. Mrs. Siddons is to lend me her old point, the finest, the only original point in the world: were it mine I would not exchange it for '*one entire and perfect crysolite.*' Apropos of the Siddons' dynasty. I dined in *private* with Kemble the other day: mark me 'good man delver: ' you will hear of an event in the dramatic world will '*scatter wild amaxement round.*' Let Drury look to it: there's '*something rotten in the state of Denmark.*' I shall allude to it in my opening prologue."

"By-the-bye, I am enchanted with your theatrical scheme, Rosbrin," said his fair cousin, "and mean to visit you as soon as you open the campaign."

"*That will be ere set of sun,*" replied Lord Rosbrin; "that is, I mean by November, in order to follow close upon the Kilkenny plays. Their '*funeral baked meats will coldly furnish*

*forth our marriage feast ;' for some of their principal performers join us : and the Lord and Lady-Lieutenant, with all their suit, will attend ' on our solemnities :' aye, ' we'll make the welkin dance :' we'll ' raise the night owl in a catch, shall draw three souls out of one weaver."*

" Out of one waver !" repeated Darby Crawley, who looked up with great deference to the rank of Lord Rosbrin, though quite at a loss to discover whether his strange phraseology was supreme fashion or absolute nonsense.

" But you don't really mean that ?" said Lord Frederick in a tone of vexation. " You don't absolutely mean that the *castle people* are coming to you in November ?"

" *Take this from this,*" said Lord Rosbrin, pointing to his head and shoulders, " if this be otherwise ; 'tis truth, *' if truth were ever pregnant made by circumstance."*

“What! do you really mean that they come down in their *public* capacity, with little pages and lank aid-de-camps, busy chamberlains and sinecure controllers, fat battle-axes and battered kettle-drums, with the eternal ‘*God save the King, and Patrick’s Day, and Patrick’s Hall,*’ and the whole set out of the *ca-astle*?”

“*All,*” said Lord Rosbrin, in a tone of absence, and going over in his mind the business of the stage for the performance of Henry the Fourth; “all, sheriff, vintner, chamberlains, drawers, two carriers, travellers, and attendants, with the sign of the Boar’s Head for East-cheap.”

“The Lord bless us!” exclaimed old Crawley, much astonished at this travelling equipage; while Mr. Pottinger, dropping his knife and fork, and rubbing his hands, was about to set both gentlemen right by describing the *real* arrangements of the vice-regal tour, as

they occurred to his memory, with all necessary dates, places, names, &c., when he was stopped short by Lady Dunore addressing Lord Frederick:

“By the bye, Lord Frederick, how does Lady B. get on in her new office? Doesn't it bore her to death, that kind of representation? It must be entirely out of her way, poor dear!”

“Why it does, I believe, *tant soit peu*; but, upon the whole, she gets on pretty fairly. For ten months in the year, she lives at that *bel respiro*, the *Phaynix*, where she rears little pigs, sows mignonette seed, talks of her liver, and drinks chamomile tea.”

“Yes, yes. I know all her *façons d la ordinaire* well enough. But I mean as *Lady-Lieutenant*!—Is not that the Irish phrase for your *viceroy's wife*? How does she manage?”

“Oh! as she can; like the rest of them, I believe; ask my *Potty*; he is the law and the prophet on these



points. But, on the whole, she *cuts* when she can, keeps clear of the Kalmucks (except on the regular Ko-tou days, when the yellow skreen is exhibited), and lives *toute comme une autre*."

Mr. Pottinger opened his eyes. This was flat profanation of a subject sacred to his imagination ; and he would have opened his mouth, but that Lady Dunore went on, while her careless manner of talking of the Lady-Lieutenant and the castle astonished and almost mortified the Crawley mandarins as much as Mr. Pottinger.

" But then, you know, Lord Frederick," continued the marchioness, " poor dear Lady B. is such a dowager dowdy, and so very little *en evidence* in the world. It's very odd, but she never could get on, *par example* ; I don't know why, except, I believe, that she fevers one so, and fusses and fidgets, and that sort of thing, when

she is taken in for a squeeze. For as to an exclusive thing, she is quite *hors du combat*; and then she talks so of herself, and her liver, and things. In short, I can't conceive Lady B—— *en grande ceremonie*; besides, she dresses so ill. I used to think she spoiled the look of my *opera-supper*: didn't you, Georgy, love?"

"Her excellency," said Mr. Pottinger, solemnly, and endeavouring to get in a word, "goes through the necessary forms of drawing-rooms and birth-days with peculiar grace and dignity; and—"

"And kisses all the Mrs. *Maguffins* and Mrs. O'Gallaghers, *à toute entrance*," interrupted Lord Frederick. "Then she simpers, bobs under a canopy, and she walks in and walks out to 'God save the King,' with a white wand, and an usher at the end of it; then struts forth Lord B—, bored to death with '*Son nez en l'air*,' and his heart

under the ribs of his South-Downs, and followed by Grizzle, Noodle, Doodle, Foodle, and "others," while we English all walk after, like '*chickens, come cluck,*'—to slow music, by Jove! Only think of *my moving* to slow music! *Voyez vous ?* like a mute in a play. But the fun of all fun is my Potty's face upon these high solemnities. Ha! ha! ha!"

Here the image of the court, of which he was so distinguished a member, became too ludicrous for the risible faculties of the noble aid-de-camp, and amidst bursts of hearty laughter, in which he was joined by such members of the company as did not consider the Irish court to be the TIEN SING, the '*heavenly spot,*' he continued to repeat, "Moving to slow music, by Jove! that's the fun!"

The lengthening faces of the Crawleys and Mr. Pottinger induced Mr. Daly to call to order; and Lady Dunore

taking the hint, arose, and left the gentlemen to Lord Frederick's further details of *the celestial empire*.—She conducted the ladies to the drawing-room, and then left them, desiring Miss Crawley to be *her lady-lieutenant*, and call for coffee when they wished it. The two friends ascended the stairs together, on their way to their respective dressing-rooms, where each was in the habit of taking a *siesta* between dinner and tea. Lady Georgina observed, in her fondling way,

“ These people bore you to death, sweet love.”

“ No, dearest,” yawned Lady Dunore.

“ But,” continued Lady Georgina, yawning in turn, “ they are very good sort of people, I dare say, *Mà Belle*.”

“ Yes, I dare say they are, *mignonne*; but they need not sit in a circle for all that. You have no idea the effect a

*circle* has on me, Georgy love,—it kills me.”

At this moment, her own woman passing, she said, “Do let some of the footmen go into the drawing-room, and place the chairs back to back; and take the tables and things from the walls, and throw all into the middle of the room, and send coffee to Lady Georgina’s dressing-room, and call me when the gentlemen come out.”

“By, bye, dearest,” said Lady Georgina, kissing first one cheek, and then the other.

“Day, day, love,” said the marchioness, pressing her lips to her friend’s fair forehead; and she added “I’ll try and dose away the Crawley stupor, till the men come out.”

More than an hour elapsed, before the marchioness joined her guests: tea was serving as she entered. Lord Frederick, Mr. Daly, and Lady Georgina, occupied an ottoman on one side

of the fire-place; and the whole race of Crawley formed from that point a semi-circle, which reached to the other. The marchioness started back, and then raised a desponding look; but took the seat offered her by Mr. Pottinger. A dead silence ensued, interrupted first by the young counsellor, who had been upon some political subject when the lady entered the room, which he again resumed. His brothers, meantime, remained silent and stupified; the high sheriff not venturing a single observation, and the major becoming absolutely confounded, after having made an unsuccessful effort at wig-wams and bivouacs, "the Peninsula," and "the Raygent's levy."

"There," said Lord Frederick, raising his glass to Lady Dunore's face, "there's a bored marchioness; this is a *coup de grace*: let her survive it, if she can. Mr. Pottinger," he exclaimed aloud, "will you sing a

comical song, or tell a story, my Pot-ty——.”

“*That antique song,*” interrupted Lord Rosbrin: “*we’ve had last night,*” “*Music hath charms,*” Mr. Pottinger! or give us “*Let us the cannikin clink,*” or “*Troll us a catch;*” and he ran over the keys of the piano-forte as he spoke. At the word *music*, Mrs. Serjeant, and the four Miss Serjeant Crawleys, were thrown into a state of gentle agitation. Mrs. Crawley’s life had been passed in running about with her accomplished daughters, from one musical system-monger to another; and the many hours a day they practised, the various methods they had adopted, the public exhibitions in which they had assisted, and the effect they had produced *at Lady Kilgobbin’s parties*, were the eternal themes of her conversation. Although she had not before opened her lips, (overawed by the fashionable *non chalance* of the two great ladies); yet

now, animated by maternal vanity, she ventured to observe that "music was a charming *talent*," inquired "*who made the piano-forte*" that stood in the centre of the room, and asked if it "*was in tune*:" the hint was immediately taken by the dowager Miss Crawley, always on the alert to puff off the family acquirements; and it followed, of course, that the Misses Crawley were asked to perform, at the sly suggestion from their aunt, "that they were charming musicians, taught in Dublin, and *finished* at Bath!"

"Oh then," said Lady Dunore, starting up, "for heaven's sake, let us have music, let us have any thing;" and scattering about the chairs from whence the Crawleys, on the impulsion given by this mainspring of all motion, had risen, she begged the young ladies would try something. The young ladies unprepared, indeed, but never unwilling to exhibit, went to the instrument;



while Lord Rosbrin, turning to Darby Crawley, asked him from the Tempest, "*Did you ever hear the tune of our catch played by the picture of nobody?*"

"Why then, I can't charge my memory that I ever did," replied old Crawley, gravely.

"Music," continued Lord Rosbrin, taking hold of Mr. Crawley's button, "*was ordained (was it not?) to refresh the mind of man after his studies.*"

"To be sure it was, my Lord!" replied Crawley, flattered at this reference; "and when my son Conway was going through his college course, he was *ingenious* at the flute, being always given to *sedentary* habits."

"*Here then we'll sit; and let the sound of music come upon our ears,*" said Lord Rosbrin; and he handed Mr. Crawley a chair.

Meanwhile the four Miss Crawleys laid by their gloves and fans, and ar-

ranged themselves round the instrument. Two sat down to the piano-forte; one stood on the right of the keys to get in one hand, to play the extreme treble, according to a new system of playing with five hands upon one piano-forte; and the other two prepared their voices by gentle *hems!* to sing a duet to this multifarious accompaniment. They now began "*Away with melancholy,*" which they sang with such sad faces, and tuneless voices, that it made every one melancholy to hear them; until the *alto* Miss Crawley, who had never before played out of her musical stocks, went rambling with her emancipated hand over the instrument, like a colt released from harness, to the utter confusion of her sisters, vocal and instrumental, and to the consternation and agony of her mother and aunt, she suddenly burst into tears, and cried out that "she could not play without her cheiroplast."

Lady Dunore, equally delighted with tears and laughter, exclaimed,

“Poor little thing! what is the matter? what is her cheiroplast? can my maid make it? There is nobody so ingenious as Dorette: what is it like?”

Miss Crawley endeavoured to explain what a cheiroplast was, for Mrs. Serjeant was utterly confounded at seeing the labour of years thus overthrown in a moment, and in such a moment. The young ladies now arose, pulling up their gloves and seizing their fans, in becoming emotion, while Mr. Crawley, to relieve the general confusion of the family, took fat Miss Leslie by the hand, and said,

“Come Miss Leslie, honey, give us a touch on the piano; a song or a country dance in your own sprightly way. She has a sweet little voice. I give you my honour, Lord Rosbrin, and would rather hear her than all the *bravado* singing and Italian haberdashery in the

world. Kate, my dear, this is the Earl of Rosbrin."

"Kate," said Lord Rosbrin, taking her hand on this presentation, and instantly transformed into Petruchio, "*the prettiest Kate in Christendom, Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate, for dainties are all cates; and therefore, Kate, take this of me, Kate of my consolation:*" and he kissed her hand as he placed her at the piano-forte, while Kate of Kate Hall, blushing more from triumph than shame, drew up her frock upon her naked shoulders, and, without further preface, began to sing, "My Henry is gone." Her song ended, was encored by Lord Rosbrin, applauded by Lady Dunore, bravoed by Lord Frederick, and epilogued by Darby Crawley, who, with a humorous wink at the gentlemen, said,

"The devil is in them *Henrys*! I never knew one of them would stay with a girl yet."

To Lady Dunore's horror, the Crawleys were now all returning to their chairs and their circle, when, to her infinite joy, their carriages were announced, and she bowed them out with as much pleasure as she had bowed them in: observing to Miss Crawley, as she came up to wish her good night—

“When you get rid of your friends remember your promise; and pray get rid of them soon.”

“She then threw herself on a cushion at Lady Georgina's feet, and laying her head on her lap, uttered a pious ‘Thank heaven!’

“Oh! don't think you are *quite pour la peur*,” said Lord Frederick, “The Crawleys are *your's au revoir*. In the mean time let us call for the brag table.”

Cards were now brought in; and in the vicissitudes of a game, in which Mr. Daly and Lord Frederick played desperately high, she forgot the Craw-

leys, dull and clever, and their spell-bound circle, which, for want of some greater source of annoyance, had become the phantom of her easily excitable imagination, and propensity to annoyance, real or fancied.

## CHAPTER V.

“Citizens! your voices!”

“Cruel are the times when we are traitors  
To ourselves—when we hold rumour  
From what we fear—yet know not what we fear;  
But float upon a wild and violent sea,  
Each way——”

SHAKESPEARE.

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CIVILIZATION and social happiness, among the ancients, may be considered as having been almost stationary. The refined philosophy and elegant accomplishments of the Greeks, the vigour of volition and hardihood of enterprise of the Romans, contributed little towards the permanent prosperity of the species; for mankind remained, nearly as in a state of nature, divided into two classes; the strong and the free, and the feeble and the enslaved.

In the woods of Germany were laid the foundations of a combination, which, favoured by accident, and nurtured by the co-operation of many causes, has given a new impetus to society, and has effected a substantial improvement in the human condition, equivalent almost to a second creation.

The principle of representative government, founded in the positive equality of all men before the law, by raising the importance of the people, has given activity to their industry, combination to their efforts, illumination to their intellect, and integrity to their morals. The security of property, and the sacredness of person, by elevating individuals in their own estimation, has inspired in them a reverence for the opinion of others; and while they place the mere man beyond the physical sufferings, they raise him above the moral turpitude and grovelling vices of slavery and subjection.



The connexion between virtue, happiness, and liberty, is inseparable ; and that insatiable lust of power, which had so repeatedly been foiled in its direct efforts against popular rights in these kingdoms, has more fatally succeeded, by sapping and undermining the foundations upon which they repose. A well organized system of corruption, commenced even before the reign of George the First, has been perseveringly directed to overthrow the constitution, by demoralizing the subject ; and has rendered the luxury of commercial prosperity an unperceived agent of political degradation. This system, which in England was at first cherished in silence, and propagated in darkness, has from the beginning been openly and unblushingly pursued, and unresistingly admitted, amidst the dispiriting factions, and debilitating dissensions, which have constantly agitated the sister island.

Centuries of cruelty, and injustice of

misrule, and military violence, had not subdued the spirit of the people of Ireland, a spirit which might be said to belong almost to their temperament; and other means were resorted to, in order to quench a fire, which direct oppression could not extinguish. Their parliament, filled with men selected by the English government, and separated in feelings and in interests from the people, it affected to represent, set the country up to sale, and concluded their '*most filthy bargain*,' on the ruin and degradation of the land.

By this act of political suicide, which banished at a blow the entire rank, illumination, and wealth of the kingdom, and left the manufactures to pine without encouragement, and the soil to exhaust itself under an inadequate and unthrifty cultivation, the political and legislative interests of the people were entrusted to a foreign and a rival senate of five hundred and fifty-eight

members, diluted indeed by one hundred Irishmen, the representatives for the most part of the English ministry, and the dominant religious faction, and all exposed to the dissipations of a luxurious and expensive capital, impelled by an almost pardonable vanity to exceed their incomes, and thus thrown by their necessities at the feet of power, and insensibly imbued with the feelings, the prejudices, and the opinions, of those with whom they are sent to associate.

Among what are vulgarly called the *pot-walluping* boroughs of Ireland, Glannacrime stood conspicuous for its corruption and servility to the dominant power of the day, whatever that power might be. Mr. Crawley assured Lady Dunore that the corporation was at her devotion, and that any effort on her part would be but a work of supererogation. This assurance, so often reiterated, had wholly lulled that interest and solicitude

which the chance of a strongly contested election could alone have maintained alive in her capricious mind ; and in a few days the event would have become wholly indifferent to her, if not quite obliterated from her memory, but for the open and candid declaration of Mr. Daly, that whatever interest he possessed, or could make in Glannacrime, should be exerted against his grand nephew, and in favour of Mr. O'Mahoney.

This determination, far from annoying Lady Dunore, revived all her faded electioneering ambition ; she found the unbiased independent intentions of her uncle as he stood opposed to his own kinsman, and in favour of a stranger whom he had never seen, new, extraordinary, and therefore *charming* ; and she even proposed that they should both set forth in the same barouche to canvass on their different sides, and that each should try a tour de force with the

other. To this Mr. Daly objected, as giving a ludicrous air to the business ; but when he mentioned that he should ride over to Glannacrime for the purpose of trying his interest, Lady Dunore then ordered her carriage with the same intention ; and while he took one road on horseback, she, attended by Lady Georgina and the two Mr. Crawleys, took the other in an open barouche.

With the successful electioneering talents of the celebrated and lovely Duchess of D. full in her imagination, (for she had read an account of the famous Westminster election in an old magazine on the night before), Lady Dunore, all life, spirit, and expectation, performed the first three miles of her journey with a restless and eager impatience to commence her canvass ; and insisted that she should stop at the first freeholder's residence, of whose vote there was any doubt.

"We are now," said young Crawley, with a significant look at his father, "within a few paces of the residence of a genuine Irish freeholder, who is as yet undetermined between the contending interests of Fitzadelm and O'Mahonney. Shall I pull the check-string, Lady Dunore?"

"Oh, by all means in the world," said the marchioness eagerly, and arranging the becoming gossamer shade of her Brussels lace veil, while she asked Lady Georgina, "am I *blue*, Georgy, love, perfectly *blue*, with this north-east blast?"

"On the contrary, sweet love," replied '*Georgy, love,*' drawing down her own veil, never wholly raised in broad day-light, "you are absolutely *petrie des lis et des roses.*"

The coachman was now ordered to turn to the left, while young Crawley observed:

"It is a narrow rough road; but I think your ladyship's springs are equal to it."

"I'll venture my springs," returned Lady Dunore, gaily: "never mind the springs, Mr. Conway."

The barouche now wound along the rutted road of a little valley. On either side peat mixed with rushes seemed the only produce of a soil almost beyond the reach of cultivation. The few patches of grass which were discernible were of a brown and stunted growth. As the carriage came in front of a small dunghill, which usually forms the first *vallum* to the residence of an Irish peasant; Mr. Crawley pulled the check-string. A hut or cabin rose behind in all the irregularity of architecture which the most extravagant lover of the picturesque could desire. The cabin itself was built of rounded stones, which, like the edifice in the Fairy Queen, were

*"Cunningly and without mortar laid."*

The door was removed from the door-case, and laid crossways, to keep in the children and the pigs: on each side were two holes, both partially stopped up, the one with an old hat, the other with straw. Another aperture in the roof, near the gable end, was surmounted by a broken pitcher, being a refinement upon the mere hole in the roof, and intended to exhibit an improvement little known in the peasant architecture of Ireland—a chimney. The roof of this curious, but not singular building, luxuriated in a variety of vegetation, being composed of potatoe stalks and grass sods, it sent forth vigorous shoots, and bloomed amidst the surrounding sterility.

“What is this? Why do we stop here? Can’t we proceed?” asked Lady Dunore, impatiently.

“Certainly,” said young Crawley, “but your ladyship would of course like to see and speak to the masters of this freehold.”



“Freehold !” repeated Lady Dunore faintly, and holding her eau de luce to her nose, as the mid-day sun drew up the putrescent vapour of a flax pit, and as every gush of smoke which burst from the hut, and rolled over the open carriage, came fraught with the stench of the cabin’s pestilential atmosphere. Two little half-naked and bloated children, who were plucking up some dead brambles for firing, raised their eyes in stupid wonder on the carriage, and then ran into the cabin, with looks of consternation. The next moment they returned with a group, consisting of two smaller children, followed by a man and woman, the father and mother of this ill-thriven brood. The man, like the southern peasantry of Ireland, many of whom are descended from a Spanish colony, was dark, meagre, and of a countenance marked by strong lineaments. His clothes were a patchwork of every colour. His worn-out

brogues were stuffed with straw. His beard half an inch in length ; his long black hair clotted and overshadowing his eyes, indicated the neglect of hopeless and irremediable poverty. The woman, who came forward wiping her mouth, (for they had been at their customary meal of potatoes and salt), inquired in a whining voice and broken English, "what was their honour's will."

Barefooted and bare-legged, her eyes bleared with smoke, her form attenuated by insufficient diet, her complexion bronzed by exposure to the inclemencies of the weather, her dress in shreds, she still had a cheerfulness of manner that seemed ill assorted to her situation.

Such in general is the family, and such the dwelling of the Irish forty-shilling freeholder ; a class which is daily multiplied, to the ruin of agriculture and the misery of the population, according to the exigencies and interests of in-

triguing landlords. Old Crawley, who was perfectly aware of his son's manouvre, and who had sat silently enjoying the disappointment, surprise, and disgust of his patroness, now exclaimed, in the usual tone of familiarity with which he addressed the lower orders, from whom, in manner and language, he was so little removed,

"Morrow, Denis Regan: how is it with you, man?"

"Musha! long life to your honor, I'm brave and hearty, Sir; and hope you're well, Mr. Crawley, dear."

"And how is the woman that owns you, Denis? How are you, Judy?"

Judy dropped a courtesy to the ground.

"Well, I thank your honor's asking, praise to God, amen, and am glad to see you looking so beautiful, Mr. Crawley, Sir."

"We are come for your vote and interest, Denis, for the approaching election; and while I think of it, I have

ordered *bog leave* for you from the bailiff."

"Och, to be sure, and why wouldn't you have it, Sir, to be sure, only Mr. O'Mahonney, Sir, was."

"And here's Lady Dunore comes to solicit your vote in favour of her son Lord Fitzadelm," interrupted old Crawley.

"See that now! and shall have it, Sir, if it was worth thousands, any friend of your honor's or the young counsellors, Sir, long life to yez; and hopes my lady will spake for us to your honor, Sir, about the trifle of riat, and times going hard."

A dead silence now ensued, the Crawleys purposely making an opening for Lady Dunore to exert that electioneering talent, of which she had so frequently boasted during the ride; but, with her handkerchief stuffed in her mouth, and her look divided between curiosity and disgust, she remained sunk in the back of the carriage.

"Would your ladyship wish to alight?" asked young Crawley.

"Alight! why the road is ankle deep. Pray let us get out of this shocking spot," said Lady Dunore, with a countenance of nausea.

"I am afraid, however, your ladyship must alight, for this road is terminated by a bog; and there will be some difficulty, if not danger, in turning the carriage in this narrow spot."

"Good God! how could you bring us into such a scrape, Mr. Conway Crawley?" asked Lady Dunore, angrily.

"Madam," he replied, in affected consternation, "I hope I did not mistake your ladyship's order. I thought it was your wish to stop at the door of the first freeholder, who—"

"Yes, yes, but I could not for a moment suppose that *this* wretched place, these wretched persons—in short, if I stay a moment here, I shall catch

a typhus fever, or be suffocated by the stench. Thompson, why don't you turn instantly? Do you hear me?"

"Yes, my lady, I'll try; but this is a bad bit of ground to turn in."

Aware, from experience, that his lady's orders were indisputable, however difficult they might be in execution, Thompson endeavoured to turn; but the horses, frightened by the sudden flutter and flight of a flock of geese, near the cabin door, became quite unmanageable, resisted rein and whip, and ran off with a velocity neither to be checked nor overtaken. The Regan family set up the usual Irish cry, "Milia murthur;" while young Crawley, coolly looking after the flying vehicle, indulged in a smile, which there was no one to witness; meantime the coachman, with the utmost skill and effort, could not restrain the horses' speed, and every moment threatened destruction to the springs and wheels of the car-

riage, and fracture or dislocation to the limbs of its occupants; when a peasant, who was clamping turf in the bog, sprang forward, seized the reins of the leaders, and with no less skill than strength, not only succeeded in stopping the horses, but assisted the coachman in turning the carriage.

Lady Dunore and Lady Georgina, recovered from their fright, were loud in exclamations of gratitude and admiration to their deliverer, who had refused their proffered liberality, and who, in answer to their inquiries as to his name, replied coldly, "Plaze your honor, my lady, its but a bad name. I'm PADREEN GAR, Madam, the boy that welcomed your ladyship home when we comed down from the mountains to meet yez."

"Its by no means a bad name," said Lady Dunore, "and I shall take care not to forget it, Mr. Gore."

The Crawleys smiled significantly;

and Lady Dunore, offended by looks which had not escaped her, ordered her coachman to drive back to Dunore, conversed in *Italien* with Lady Georgina the whole way, preserving a dignified silence towards the Messieurs Crawley, who had "smiled in such a sort" as to throw an air of independence on their own opinions, which on the subject of Padreen Gar evidently differed from those of her ladyship. Thus placed under the ban of her temporary displeasure, they received all its symptoms with the enduring complacency of persons whose patient servility can abide the stormy brow of greatness, in the certain expectation of the harvest of its returning sunshine.

A few days had succeeded to that on which the unruly horses had formed a sort of adventure, in an existence already deemed monotonous by the lady of the castle. Lady Dunore, who generally took up an opinion out of opposition,



and supported it out of obstinacy, praising in spite, and approving in malice, had dwelt with a duration unusual to her instability, on the gallantry of Padreen Gar, whom she persisted in calling Mr. Gore.

Erected into an hero, the object of many of Mr. Crawley's plots and fears now disputed even the influence of Miss Crawley herself, who, since the departure of her friends, had become a resident in Dunore Castle; and she still held her precarious tenure by the tie of adulation, which her sex rendered unsuspecting, and her sectarian zeal sanctified. Lady Dunore now expressed her intention of becoming a frequent visitant to a country which produced such a fine race of peasantry as Padreen Gar, alias Mr. Gore; and time and circumstance had not yet worn out her prepossession (which, however, produced no benefit to its object), when a letter reached her hands, that broke up the spell of her

partiality, while it furnished new motive for action, and agitation to her feverish existence. This letter was one of those productions so frequently circulated in Ireland, among the timid and the credulous, to excite suspicion, awaken distrust, and give occasion for those efforts of coercion and resistance which usually produce the very events they are adopted to suppress. It was something between a threat and a warning. It talked of the black flag of rebellion being speedily unfurled, of meditated assassinations, and intended massacres, of an hatred to English residents; and Protestant ascendancy advocates; of the noxious seeds of sedition being deeply sown in the breasts of the credulous and the poor; and of a probable and immediate attack upon the castle of Dunore by *Padreen Gar's boys*, who were to assemble for a moonlight parade on St. Gobnate's eve, near the holy-well of Ballydab, to plan this

siege for the following night. To this was added, that Padreen Gar, accompanied by his boys, who were concealed in the pits of the bog, had intended to surprise her carriage on the day of her proposed visit to Glannacrime, but were prevented by the presence of the two Crawleys, and that an artful rescue was substituted for the meditated attack.

To this letter Lady Dunore gave implicit credence, merely because she wished it to be true. The threatened danger relieved the torpor of her feelings, gave play to her wild imagination, and afforded ample occupation to her laborious idleness. Mr. Crawley and his son were on business with her when this letter arrived by the post, and bearing the office-mark of a neighbouring town: its contents were of course instantly communicated to them; but instead of urging her immediate departure, as they expected, it furnished

her with additional reasons for remaining. To her expressions of horror at the state of the country, and the ingratitude of a people for whom she had roasted an ox, young Crawley replied, that of all this he could have informed her before, even when her predilections for Padreen Gar ran highest; but that he feared to frighten her away from the country, when it was his and his father's wish, rather perhaps than her ladyship's interest, that she should remain for ever.

Measures for meeting the evil were now discussed. Secrecy and concealment from all the guests at the castle were strongly recommended; and Lady Dunore "*qui aimeit terriblement les enigmes,*" readily yielded her assent to this necessity. The object of the Messieurs Crawley was, as they declared, that Lady Dunore should judge for herself of the state of the country, and of the people: for this purpose, the band

of ruffians, with the principal incendiary, should be surprised and seized on the eve of St. Gobnate, and brought to the castle, on their way to Dunore jail. A sort of little star-chamber, or secret committee, should sit to take their examinations in presence of her ladyship, where their appearance and countenances, as well as their confessions, should testify against them. To all this Lady Dunore acceded, delighted to be surrounded by rebels and ruffians. To hold a sort of presidential court, or special commission, in her own castle, was an event consonant with her feelings; and while the Crawleys believed they were awakening her timidity and distrust, they were, in fact, flattering the dormant qualities of her being. Their low cunning aimed only at the feebleness of the human character, but were ignorant of the varieties of which that character is susceptible: and accustomed to work with no other tools than terror and

intimidation, they used them with an universal and indiscriminate application, and mistook the credulity of Lady Dunore for a timidity foreign to her temperament and disposition.

The eve of St. Gobnate was still distant by some days; and in the anxious interval, the Crawleys regained their former influence over the Lady of the castle, and were frequently closeted with her for hours, to the exclusion not only of the numerous visitors who called to pay their respects, but even of her domesticated guests, who were left to amuse themselves as they might. While the Crawleys thus engrossed her society, they directed the channel of her thoughts, and worked powerfully on her imagination. Exparte statements of the events of the unhappy rebellion of 1798 were added to the raked-up horrors of the more dreadful 1641. Mr. Conway Crawley, sometimes, read his way to her favours through murders

and massacres, while his aunt cut her's, through paper screens and watch papers; and while trophies, devices, and card-racks, multiplied in her boudoir, the siege of Drogheda, by the Dean of Ardagh,\* was dipped into; the history of the Irish rebellion was commented upon; and the not less prejudiced work of Sir Richard Musgrave read almost entirely—thus combining the frivolous and the sanguinary, to occupy her mind, and to work upon her feelings.

Meantime the rumour of an insurrection had been spread through the town of Dunore, and had reached the steward's room and servants' hall of the castle; whence it ascended to the drawing-room, where some laughed and

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\* In this work, the dean asserts that the papist rebels were protected by charms, that a naked rebel, fired at by many bullets, remained uninjured, the balls only making marks. "Of this many eyes were witnesses, one of which of good trust hath repeated it to me."—This is deemed a work of great authority; and most of the accounts of that unhappy event are taken from it.

some trembled at it. Although Lady Dunore and the Crawleys preserved a profound silence on the subject, it was understood that a party of the New-Town Mount Crawley supplementary auxiliary legion occupied the flank towers of the castle every night after sun-set. Expresses had been forwarded to Dublin, and many of the English servants had applied for leave to return to their native country. What, however, had spread the greatest consternation in the neighbourhood, was, that Terence Oge O'Leary's house had been entered by constables, his papers seized, and officers of justice stationed to arrest any persons found lurking about the cemetery of the Monaster-ny-oriel. O'Leary himself escaped by being absent on some of his usual antiquarian researches.

On that day, observed in the country as the feast of Saint Gobnate, Lady Dunore descended earlier than usual into the breakfast-room, her cheek



flushed, and her eye wandering: she was also dressed in black, as was usual with her when under the influence of grief or anxiety. She spoke little, and refused to breakfast, alleging that she had been drinking gunpowder-tea since daylight. She was restless and unquiet, appeared and disappeared like a phantom, despatched note after note to Mr. Crawley, and seemed so agitated by ill-suppressed emotions, that Lord Frederick, who was sipping his *café au lait*, and reading a French novel, at last inquired of her, in his usual tone of affectation, "Mais qu'est ce qu'il y a donc, belle Chatelaine? What is the matter, my marchioness. Are the reports we have heard of incipient rebellion in the celestial empire really true, or are they only got up by the chop-mandarins for their own special purposes? I dare say that *professeur de bavardise*, Duke Conway Townsend Crawley, of the peacock's feather, is at the bottom of all

this; or that my own ching-foo, of the yellow button, is amusing himself with a plot, like the honest gentleman that got his own effigy shot at, to alarm the sleeping sensibility of the lenient government people at the castle.\* Now pray speak: Are we to be roasted à la mode Irlandaise before a slow fire, like so many chesnuts, or spitted like the children in the *old* rebellion, like so many snipes—Voyons donc!”

Here Lord Frederick was interrupted by the loud stamping of feet outside the door, which was suddenly burst open, and Lord Rosbrin, in his black velvet Hamlet suit, which he had been trying on before he dressed, with wild looks and wilder voice, rushed in, crying out—

“Oh! horror, horror, horror, tongue nor heart  
Cannot conceive nor name thee!”

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\* Fact—the ingenious party was a magistrate, and pooh pudor, a clergyman.

Lady Dunore shrieked. Lord Frederick laughed to hysterics, and Messrs. He-neage and Pottinger stood aghast. Mr. Daly, who had been hitherto quietly reading the English papers, now started up astonished, exclaiming with vivacity:

“Why, are you all mad! what is the matter? Rosbrin, see, you have frightened the ladies to death. What is the matter?”

“*What is the matter?*” reiterated Lord Rosbrin, seizing the well remembered lines of Macduff, “why confusion is the matter.”

“Confusion has made his master-piece.

Most *sacrilegious murder* hath broke ope

The Temple, and stolen thence—”

“*Murder!*” said Mr. Daly, shuddering.

“Stolen! stolen what?” interrupted Lord Frederick, becoming suddenly serious.

Lady Dunore, now believing that there was reason for her fears, continued

to scream louder than before ; and Lord Rosbrin, pointing to a letter he held in his hand, observed, with a little paraphrase in his citation,

“ Approach this letter, and destroy your sight  
With a new gorgon.”

“ Who is it from ? ” said Mr. Daly, snatching the letter, and searching for his spectacles.

“ Who from ? ” continued Lord Rosbrin, pacing up and down the room with frantic, but with theatrical gestures. “ Tis from the deputy prompter of Covent Garden Theatre.

“ Oh ! insupportable, oh heavy hour !  
It should be now an huge eclipse o’ the sun ; ”

for oh ! my friends, Mrs. Siddons’s point lace, Mrs. Siddons’s lace, alas ! *she has no lace !* but her point lace that WAS, and that *I* should have worn, is stolen

away from her dressing-room at the theatre; all, all gone!

“Nor left a wreck behind.”

“So,” said Mr. Daly, much provoked, and resuming his newspaper, “so, as Moliere says of his capricious lady, ‘*ou fait la sottise et nous sommes les sots.*’”

Meantime, Lord Frederick rolled in convulsions of laughter; Mr. Pottinger and the ladies dried their humid eyes; and Mr. Heneage, smelling a flower-box in the window, observed, “the mignonette harvest had been vastly abundant this year.”

A servant at this moment entered, and presented a letter to Lady Dunore, which she took with trepidation, but as she read it, her clouded countenance brightened into smiles, and ere she finished it, she said—

“No, never was there so fortunate an event. The circuit judges dine here

to-day, and will be present at the trial. Well, after all I must say, there is nothing like Ireland, where one is kept in a constant state of emotion and occupation."

"Trial! what trial?" demanded Mr. Daly in astonishment.

"Why the fact is, my dear uncle," said Lady Dunore, no longer deeming it necessary to keep a secret, which was beginning to be a *charge*—"the fact is, the castle of Dunore was to have been attacked this very night, on the feast of St. Gobnate, but for the timely prudence of the two Mr. Crawleys, who had discovered the plot, and have hitherto concealed their knowledge of it, from political motives. They have succeeded this morning in surprising and seizing that ferocious and lawless banditti callen Padreen Gar's boys; and I am this moment expecting their arrival at the castle, escorted by a party of military, on their way to the jail. We

meant to have kept all this quiet, for fear of frightening Georgy, love, and alarming you all. But now that the judges and things are coming to the castle to dine," she continued in a fever of delightful agitation, walking up and down the room, and fanning herself with a hand-screen, "now we shall have a regular imposing, and I dare say amazingly amusing trial."

"Oh! a regular *special commission*," said Mr. Daly, with ironical seriousness.

"An inquest held on a parcel of shanavests and caravasts must be rare sport for ladies. But who are the charming judges, who come so appropriately to preside in your ladyship's court, and to assist in getting up a scene for our private amusement, at the expense of the public character of the county?"

"Oh! I know nothing in the world about them," said Lady Dunore, "only they are judges of some kind or other, who are on circuit, and who have invited

themselves here. Mr. Crawley will be enchanted at this; it will save him trouble. Here is their letter: "pray read it aloud;" and she tossed it to Mr. Daly, who read it aloud, as follows—

"Baron Boulter presents his respectful compliments to the Marchioness of Dunore; he purposes, with his brother judge, Mr. Justice Aubrey, having the honour of paying his respects at Dunore Castle this day, between his breakfast and sleeping stage, on his way from circuit to Dublin, when Baron B. will be happy to become the bearer of any commands her ladyship may have for the metropolis."

"The wretched accommodations," observed Mr. Daly, "at Bally-na-scroggen, have, I suppose, induced Baron Boulter, who is a man of the world, and a true disciple of the *savoir vivre*, to claim your ladyship's hospitality. But I know not what argument has pre-



vailed on his excellent, but *not always very accommodating*, brother judge, for once to agree in his decisions."

"O, it is no matter what brings them here provided they come. There never was such luck," continued Lady Dunore, fluttering about the room: "we shall have quite a regular *special commission*, as you say, my dear uncle: I hope though they will not hang many of these wretches. You have no idea how I hate to have people hanged:" and she added, wiping away her now fast coming tears—"If I heard sentence pronounced on a great many at once, and the clanking of chains, and the condemning cap, and things——"

"By-the-bye," interrupted Lord Frederick, "apropos to *hanging*, isn't Baron Boulter the facetious *hanging judge* who makes us all die laughing at the castle dinners with his bon-mots?"

"He is thought to be a *little* severe,"

said Mr. Pottinger, "but he is zealous for government, and is perhaps the best punster on the bench; that is I believe admitted on all sides."

"An high judicial qualification, my Potty," returned Lord Frederick, gravely.

"But should we not have something of a court for them?" asked Lady Dunore. "Good heavens! how unlucky Miss Crawley should not have returned yet from her evangelical school at New-Town Mount Crawley; she would have cut me out a court; got me up a court, I mean, or something in that way, in a minute, something that would produce a striking effect, something scenic you know."

"Scenic! a striking effect! a *good stage effect!*" exclaimed Lord Rosbrin.

"Leave that to me, my gentle coz, my pretty coz. I have all the requisite properties with me, *maces* and halberds, senators' wigs, ermine, and all."

"We must have the packing cases re-

moved out of the hall," continued Lady Dunore, "and tables, and pens, and ink, and things you know; for if we are to give the thing an air of a regular trial, we may as well do it handsomely."

"Trial!" repeated Lord Rosbrin, "I have the Covent Garden prompt-book, with the *Merchant of Venice* trial, in my pocket; here it is."

Lord Rosbrin now pulled out a ragged book, with all the business of the stage laid down, and Lady Dunore continued:

"Do then, dear Rosbrin, get things in order, you understand these matters so well: I'll ring the bell for the servants to attend you."

Lord Rosbrin caught her arm.

"Leave every thing to me, my fair coz. Scene a hall."

"I think I could assist you," said Mr. Pottinger.

"We shall want," interrupted Lord

Rosbrin, stopping his mouth, "trumpets, marshal's staff, two aldermen, Archbishop of Canterbury, Duchess of Norfolk, godmother. No, hang it, that's the christening in Henry the Eighth. Here is the trial scene—trumpets and cornets; two vergers, with short wands; scribes in habits of doctors. Well, only leave it to me. Come, Pottinger, you shall act as scribe or verger, or property boy. *What's in a name?*"

The peer and Mr. Pottinger left the room together, followed by Lady Dunore, who was all emotion and gratification, while Mr. Daly and Lord Frederick laughed without restraint; and Lady Georgina said, "that poor thing will wear herself out with her strong feelings. There never was such a quick irritable sensibility as her's."

"Oh, she is delicious!" said Lord Frederick, "taken in small and distant doses. But it were as well to live in a

tornado as occupy the same house with her volcanoship for two months together."

"I have never seen her thus extravagant before," said Mr. Daly, in a tone of mortification. "I confess I lose all patience when I see her the dupe of these Crawley plots, or rather of her own caprice and whim, and of that insatiable thirst for scenes and sensations that has made the torment and the enjoyment of her life. I would not wonder if she has worried poor Dunore out of his reason, and been the cause of all the eccentricity of that other froward but clever boy, whom she has induced to forego his independent principles, and set up for this corrupt saleable Crawley borough. And yet I love her for her mother's sake; for she was an angel,—at least before ill usage had——"

He paused abruptly, sighed, and resumed his newspaper; while Lord Fre-

derick whispered Lady Georgina—"A fallen one."

Within the ensuing hour the judges Boulter and Aubrey arrived at the castle, were announced, and received in the saloon, as old acquaintances, by Mr. Daly.

The Right Honorable Baron Boulter was a collateral descendant of the celebrated English ecclesiastic of that name, who, under the title of *primate of Ireland*, governed the land with a crozier of iron.

Bishop Boulter, in his celebrated letters, has divided Ireland into a population of his own party, and the natives; or, as he termed them, "*we of the English nation, and the poor Irish.*" His grace added to this curious classification a maxim, that "*Ireland is only to be governed by being divided* (4), and a counsel, urging the necessity for employing spies and informers as proper agents of

government, and worthy of being remunerated and recompensed even unto the third and fourth generation.

The inheritance of this family creed was the sole succession of Baron Boulter, himself the *younger* son of a *younger* brother; for little was added to it but a *rattle and bells*, bequeathed him in his infancy by his grand-aunt, Mrs. Barbara Boulter, which the Baron ever afterwards preserved; and which, even on the bench, he was wont to play with gaily enough, when forensic dulness made claims on his patience, or the pauses of business left leisure for innocent amusement.

Baron Boulter had nothing of the saturnine and irascible spirit of his great political predecessor the primate. He was of a cheerful sanguine temperament; possessed an evenness of temper that usually supplies the absence of sensibility; and, any where *but in Ire-*

*land*, might have been as respectable in his public character as he was pleasant and courteous in his social deportment. But he had come forward at a period when the maxims of the Irish government, in every department, tended to national debasement; and, like other aspiring barristers, weary of hawking a bag, light as his own spirits, and vacant as his heart, he submitted to the necessary probation of political corruption, graduated with success, and rose to professional eminence by a facetiousness that amused, and a severity that horrified.

The rebellion was the great scene of action for such qualities; and to that period, like many others of his professional cotemporaries, he stood indebted for his pre-eminence. The means of his rising, became the habit of his character, and he continued to joke and to condemn with a gaiety and contempt



for human life which belonged to his temperament, and which served to uphold the reputation of his loyalty.

No one trifled away liberty with more grace, or pronounced sentence with more humour than Baron Boulter; and the culprit whom *he* jested to the gallows, had his love of wit borne any proportion to his fear of death, must almost have been reconciled to his fate by the *gaité du cour* that sealed his destiny.

His professional interests, and political principles aside, which in Ireland are always closely connected, Baron Boulter was fair judging and clear-sighted; he came at results with the prompt but unlogical process of a woman's perceptions; but living always on one spot, within a narrow circle, his knowledge of human nature went no further than the sphere of his action, and his philosophy was as local as his jokes; he could flatter an *Irish* chancellor, adulate an *Irish*

*viceroy*, amuse the priggish dulness of an Irish secretary, joke *with*, or sift *to* the very bottom of evasion and circumlocution, an Irish *peasant*, while he gaily laughed *with*, and secretly laughed *at all*. Still his human nature was always *Irish* nature; and though, as far as his experience went, his premises were just, yet they were confined, narrow, and home directed: for the rest, social in habits, of amiable address, and pleasant humour, he was sought for by the great, whom he amused; and feared by the poor, whom he—hung.

Judge Aubrey 'was in character a melange of those temperaments which produce a quick and irritable sensibility, a prompt uncalculating sympathy, and a warm, deep-seated, violent indignation; qualities which form so broad a basis for human excellence, while they unfit it for a patient endurance of baseness, meanness, and cupidity. These were powerfully worked on, and hourly

called into action, by the political situation of a country, which he loved with all the fervour of an ancient Roman; and by the systematic degradation of a profession, he venerated as the guardian of human rights: his bile and his experience increased together; the hopes of the patriot, and the health of the man, suffered in equal proportion; and the social simplicity and playful gaiety, which formed the charm of his domestic hearth, from which the world was shut out, deserted him in that public tribunal, where the liberty he worshipped was sacrificed, and the profession he revered was debased.

Ireland, his native country, was his object: he had upheld her cause in the senate, until her independence had breathed its last gasp; and he retired from the scene of her ruin with a minority that might be deemed 'glorious,' in every sense of the word. Ireland was still his object; and the lowliest of

his children found redemption from his mercy, solace in his commiseration, and relief from his liberality. From the bench he expounded the causes of their crimes, while he lamented their effects: he taught while he judged, he wept when he condemned.

From the period of the Union, Judge Aubrey had retired from what is called the world, from the bustling walks of life, and from the giddy round of fashionable circles: living for, and with a few, he had for many years made no progress in the successive modes and jargons of succeeding fashions; and it was in part to this circumstance that he owed much of that peculiar freshness of character, and something of that austerity of manner, which the friction of society is so apt to efface. This well-preserved individuality was set off by a peculiar manner, idiom, and phrase, which, as well as his broad accent, were genuinely Irish. To profound classical

reading, and considerable scientific acquirement, he added an unpretending simplicity, which is inseparably connected with the highest order of talent, though so often falsely attributed to mediocrity and ignorance.

Such were the two high judicial characters, who, now linked in a professional yoke, drew as different ways as untrained colts in the same harness. Since the commencement of their circuit, they had never agreed upon any one point, except the expediency of trying the French chef de cuisine of the Marchioness of Dunore, instead of relying on the gastronomic talents of Judy Mulligan of the Cat and Bagpipes in the neighbouring town of Bally-scroggin.



## NOTES.

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Note (\*) Page 5.—The driver is generally a peasant's son, taken from the spade, and hired at a salary of five or six pounds a-year. His occupation is to drive or distrain cattle, sheep, and other stock of the backward tenants; to cart and sell without mercy; to threaten and importune for money, and to be the most formidable of all animals to the poor. These men are frequently the objects of popular vengeance, and are devoted to death, with the constable, the police constable, &c. &c. He is ever the ready instrument of oppression; whether to take a blunderbuss, or to take an oath; to serve a law process for the tything parson; the tax gatherer, or the absentee landlord; or, in short, to bear the whole risk and odium of executing the sentence of harsh laws in their fullest and most oppressive severity. Like the robber of the desert, his hand is against every one, and every one's hand is against him. Thus there subsists a constant action and re-action, alike subversive of the public peace, and of the public morals;

oppression and inhumanity sanctioned by law; and violence and bloodshed in opposition to it. Those in power must inevitably designate the peasant's resistance to the driver as outrageous murder, as crime of the blackest dye; but nature, deep within the bosom of an oppressed and starving population, acknowledges it a necessitated self-defence, or a just retaliation.

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(1) Page 48.—Places of emolument, rank, precedence, and profit, enjoyed by and distributable amongst the Irish bar, April 22, 1818, viz.

Lord Chancellor (salary encreased since 1789) .....	{ 1 }	15,000 <i>l.</i> for self and servants.
Master of the Rolls (ditto) .....	1	5,000 <i>l.</i> ditto
Judges of the Law Courts (ditto) ..	{ 12 }	from 8,000 <i>l.</i> to 4,000 <i>l.</i> each.
Masters in Chancery .....	4	3 to 4,000 <i>l.</i> each.
Deputy Remembrancer of the Exchequer . . . . .	{ 1 }	same.
Attorney General .....	1	about 10,000 <i>l.</i>
Solicitor General .....	1	5,000 <i>l.</i>
King's Serjeants .....	{ 3 }	rank, precedence, and profit.
King's Counsel (formerly but 20) present number .....	{ 37 }	same.
Judge of the Prerogative Court...	1	1,800 <i>l.</i>
Consistorial Court....	1	600 <i>l.</i>
Carried forward....	63	



Brought up....	63	
Master of the Faculties under the Archbishop of Armagh .....	{ 1 }	500 <i>l</i> .
Judge of the Admiralty Court.....	1	1,200 <i>l</i> .
Sarrogates in ditto .....	2	200 <i>l</i> . each.
Recorder of Dublin City .....	1	1,200 <i>l</i> .
Chairman of the City of Dublin Sessions .....	{ 1 }	1,200 <i>l</i> .
Chairmen of Thirty-one County Sessions (since 1789) .....	{ 31 }	400 to 800 <i>l</i> . each.
Counsel to Revenue Commissioners	2	6,000 <i>l</i> . and 8,000 <i>l</i> .
Ditto to Masters in Chancery .....	4	200 <i>l</i> . each.
Ditto to Deputy Remembrancer...	1	300 <i>l</i> .
Ditto to Attorney General, opening and signing pleadings.....	{ 1 }	400 <i>l</i> .
Ditto to ditto in Extents and Custodiams, &c. ....	{ 2 }	300 <i>l</i> . each.
Ditto to ditto in Six Circuits, in Still Fines, &c. (since 1789) ....	{ 6 }	200 <i>l</i> . each.
Ditto to ditto in Six Circuits in Crown Prosecutions (ditto).....	{ 30 }	200 <i>l</i> . each.
Ditto to Dublin Castle (ditto).....	{ 1 }	1,000 <i>l</i> . by Towns- end.
Ditto to Commissioners of Wide Streets (ditto) .....	{ 1 }	1,500 <i>l</i> .
Ditto to Barrack Board.....	1	worth 300 <i>l</i> .
Ditto to Ordnance ditto .....	1	ditto 200 <i>l</i> .
Ditto to Linen ditto .....	1	ditto 200 <i>l</i> .
Ditto to Bank of Ireland on Six Circuits (ditto).....	{ 6 }	100 <i>l</i> . each.
Ditto to Post Office on Six Circuits (ditto) .....	{ 6 }	100 <i>l</i> . each.
Carried forward....	163	

Brought up....	163	
Counsel to Paving Board (since 1789).....	{ 1 }	200l.
Ditto to Dublin Police (ditto)....	1	200l.
Commissioners of Bankruptcy ....	25	200 to 600l. each.
Ditto of Public Records (since 1789)	4	400l. each.
Ditto of Inquiry into Fees, &c. (ditto) .....	{ 5 }	1,200l. each.
Lay Vicars General of Dioceses ..	12	100l. each.
Dublin Police Barristers (since 1789)	6	500l. each.
Commissioners of Appeal .....	5	800l. each.
Commissioners of Accounts and their Secretary .....	{ 6 }	800l. each.
Directors of Inland Navigation...	4	1,000l. each.
King's Inns Treasurer (since 1789)	1	500l.
Ditto Librarian (ditto) .....	1	300l.
Cursitor Baron of Exchequer.....	1	200l.
Cursitor of Chancery .....	1	400l.
Examiners in Chancery .....	2	500l. each.
King's Advocate General.....	1	300l.
Commissioners in Lunatic Cases ...	2	200l. each.
Secretary to Commissioners of Charities (since 1789).....	{ 1 }	400l.
Accountant General of Chancery ..	1	800l.
Ditto ditto. Exchequer.	1	800l.
Seneschal of Dublin Liberties, Doners, St. Sepulchres, St. Patrick's, &c. ....	{ 5 }	100 to 200l. each.
Colonial Situations in Ceylon, Canada, Grenada, Prince of Wales's Island, &c. ...	{ 10 }	worth 500l. to 5,000l. each.
Carried forward....	259	

Brought up.....	259	
Missionaries to explore the State of disturbed Districts, &c.....	{ 2 }	300 guineas each visit, (T. Prendergest and Edward O'Grady, &c.
Recorders of Cities and Towns, about .....	{ 21 }	100 to 800 <i>l.</i> each.
Other Places, Sinecures, Pensions, &c. dispersed according to Ser- vices and Influence, about .....	{ 18 }	
	<u>300</u>	

Among two hundred barristers, besides about fifty more remaining unplaced.

(2) Page 125.—The Butlers and Fitzgeralds had been powerful rivals and enemies from the time of their arrival in Ireland with Henry II. The anecdote is well known of the Earl of Desmond being taken prisoner by the Earl of Ormonde, and borne off wounded on the shoulders of the Ormonde followers, returned in answer to the taunting question of “where now is the great Lord Desmond?” “Still on the necks of Butlers.”

When a temporary reconciliation was effected between these powerful chiefs, a hole was cut in the door of the chauntry of St. Patrick's

church, that they might shake hands *through it to prevent accidents*: this hole, with a piece of board nailed over it, was shewn not long since at St. Patrick's, and may still exist.

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(3) Page 126.—The "*Fringes*" was a procession of *the trades and corporations*, performed in Ireland on *Corpus Christi* day, even within the author's recollection. King Solomon, Queen Sheba, with Vulcan, Venus, and Cupid, were leading personages upon this occasion. The ceremony was the remains of an old Roman Catholic superstition. Something in the same way is still celebrated in Shrewsbury, or at least was a very few years back.

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Page 211.—The private theatricals, held annually at Kilkenny, assemble whatever Ireland still retains of rank, fashion, talent, and taste. There party loses its asperity, sect its distinction, and prejudice its bitterness. *Bye-laws* and *military laws* are there forgotten, and the laws of this amiable institution, like those of nature, are governed by harmony only.

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(4) Page 268.—The system of governing Ireland by *dividing* it, is of very ancient origin. The following is an historical anecdote in proof.

Anno 1278, there arose civil wars, no better than rebellion, between M'Dermott de Moylaoge and Cathyeer O'Connor, King of Connaught, where there was great slaughter and bloodshed on both sides, and the King of Connaught slain. Raphael Holinshed, in his Irish Collection, thinketh that there were slain at that tyme above two thousand persons. - The King of England hearing thereof, wae mightily displeased with the Lord Justice, and sent for him into England to yielde reason *why he would* permit such shameful enormities under his government. Robert Ufford substituted R. Fulbert as before, and satisfied the king that all was not true that he was charged withal; and for further contentment yielded this reason: *that in policy he thought it expedient to wink at one knave cutting off another, as that would save the King's coffers, and purchase peace to the land by extermination. Whereat the King smiled, and bade him return to Ireland!!—WARE.*

The spirit of the *law*, and the policy with which Ireland has been since governed, is contained in this passage.

END OF VOL. II.

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